

The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES, XVI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1883

NO. 8.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

By FRED KURTZ.

Read the very sensible letter of congressman Hewitt, a large iron master, on the tariff. It will be found in this issue of the REPORTER.

The Senate Committee reported, affirmatively, McDonald's judicial apportionment. This bill puts Centre, Union and Snyder as the 40 district. Clearfield having 40,000 population will constitute a district.

Pattison's appointment of Page, as Comptroller of Philadelphia, has been sustained by the Supreme Court.

The duty of a true organ is to sound the note of alarm at every indication of rottenness in the public service.

In our next issue we will publish a letter of Judge Black, giving his opinion on the tax-bill published by us two weeks ago.

That one of the star-route thieves intended turning state's evidence, we mentioned in last week's REPORTER. This has been done. Rerdell plead guilty and made a confession telling on Dorsey. He testifies at great length as to the manner in which petitions expediting certain routes had been prepared at ex-Senator Dorsey's house in Washington and filed in the department. He said he went west by direction of Dorsey and procured petitions from various persons along the routes to have the trips increased. He established a station sixty miles off from a certain route in order to have it put on the route and the pay increased. At one time, when they were considering the question of admitting Valle into the company, Miner had said Valle stood very close to Brady. The court adjourned without completing the examination of the witness. Government counsel said that no promise of immunity was held out to Rerdell.

Mr. Merrick, of government counsel, said that Rerdell has given only about one-fourth of the testimony he is expected to give, and the present testimony was nothing like as important as that which is expected. Merrick said he believed the government would close its case next week.

President Franklin B. Gowen's address on the anti-discrimination bill, made in the house at Harrisburg on Tuesday evening, last week, will be issued in pamphlet form. Mr. Gowen will appear in the Crawford county courts at Meadville, in the next ten days as counsel in a case brought against the Standard Oil Company, and with the facts and data in his possession make it lively for what he terms arrogant monopoly.

Mr. Gowen deserves to be governor—he is the best and truest man the state has. He put down the Mollie Maguires, and now he is going for the insatiable, robbing monopoly, the Standard Oil Company. Every good citizen will wish him God speed in the latter.

Mr. Gowen's address was a reply to the address of Mr. David W. Sellers, on the anti-discrimination bill. He said that corporations were a benefit to the State when they were honestly managed. He spoke strongly of the constant acquisition of wealth by the officers of corporations to the injury of the shareholders and the public. Another point was the unjust and unfair discrimination in charges in the interest of favorites. Mr. Hulings' bill fails to provide a remedy for these evils. It proposes to prohibit that which is proper and right, and to that extent will do injury. His objections are to those parts of the bill in which it seeks to prohibit that which is not wrong, and second, in not going far enough to enact measures which will be right and efficacious. He then went on to speak of the charges of railroads for discriminations in long and short distances. On the Pennsylvania railroad on the Allegheny mountains the grade is over 100 feet to the mile, and a car can therefore make more money by fifty miles down hill than it can by moving twenty-five miles up hill. There are grades on the Reading railroad 179 feet to the mile. Up these grades they can only draw twenty or twenty-five cars, while on the other it is double and triple that number.

Mr. Gowen presented a substitute for the Hulings' bill, embodying his views upon the question. Mr. Gowen spoke at length upon the extortion and exaction exercised by the Standard Oil monopoly. He said the Standard company have defied courts. They insolently refuse to pay taxes justly due. They have robbed individuals of lands by a system of favoritism and now control a country in a bondage which nations of Europe would crush to earth. They are taking

\$100,000,000 from this State every year, and never pay one cent of tax into its treasury. He did not hesitate to charge and made no equivocation in his statements that in the recent case tried in the courts they bribed the witness for the Commonwealth to suppress his testimony and paid him \$7,000 for his venality. The State of Pennsylvania would be \$100,000,000 better off to-day had it imposed a tax of fifty cents a barrel on the wealth taken from beneath its very soil.

Mr. Gowen said that "when the Reading company acquired the Schuylkill coal field it bought and paid for all the lands now occupied. Some think they paid a high figure, but none say they stole the land." Although president of a large corporation himself, Mr. Gowen stated that the people had rights which the corporations should be bound to respect, and had he the time he said he would be willing to go through the State and stir up public sentiment against growing and audacious effrontery of some of the corporations of the State.

1001 ERRORS.

The statement of the county finances, printed at the Watchman office last year, contains errors of spelling, punctuation, abbreviation, &c., almost innumerable, which we now refer to for the reason that the Watchman quibbled at our few unimportant errors, last week, out of sheer jealousy, because it failed to get our job at two prices. That paper charges the supplements printed by the REPORTER too many inaccuracies to be circulated by the self-righteous Watchman. The charge is maliciously false. Every competent judge will say that the supplements printed by the REPORTER are neater, better workmanship, on far better paper, more conveniently arranged, and with only one error to 50 in the Watchman's job.

The REPORTER has the borrowed money and interest accounts where the eye is most likely to find these important statements. The Watchman's job has the one stuck away off in Alaska, the other in Patagonia. The scalp account having become important from Gano's operations, would naturally be among the first looked for, and so we have it where easiest found. The Watchman has its scalp away in the country of the Gergeneses; and so on.

Then it put on for all the papers a most outlandish heading, taking up almost one-third of a side. The REPORTER's headings are neat and as required by a job of the kind. The Watchman's job is printed on two sides of same sheet, on cheap, rotten paper, altho' it got two prices for the job. The REPORTER printed only on one side, and on best quality of paper, altho' we charged only \$126 where the Watchman got \$245.

As to errors—the REPORTER supplement has scarce over a dozen typographical errors—let the reader look for himself and judge. The Watchman's is full of typographical as well as errors of ignorance, none of the latter kind being in the REPORTER's work.

The Watchman, in near a dozen instances, spells Stationery, (writing material) with an a at the ending, which changes the meaning entirely (Stationary means not moving). This occurring so often, is fairly attributable to ignorance in the Watchman. The name of Foster, a family right in the same town, is spelled about a dozen times with an r in the first syllable and in about as many cases it is spelled without the r. This outrageous irregularity the Watchman has in the names of Ungart, Kepheart, Schroeder, Fansler, Hewes, Curwin, Stamm, Hamill, Karhouse, court-crier, road, venires, No., traverse, inquest, Nov., school, exonerations, and scores of others—all of them spelled wrong and where they are repeated spelled differently. These samples will suffice; then in one-half the words where required, the sign of the possessive case is omitted, while the other half have it; the same is true in perhaps 100 contracted words, the Watchman using the proper sign in one-third of them, the other two-thirds don't have it. In its 500 abbreviations the Watchman uses no regularity or system whatever; in its capital letters there is the same gross irregularity, also in punctuation. In nearly a hundred cases words will be found huddled together without spaces between them. Thus we could go on for an hour yet, pointing out the errors in the Watchman's work. The Chief-clerk now acts the baby and declares he won't put out our supplements, yet all the papers covered its miserable supplement last year without a quibble. What is worse for the job printed last year, at Bellefonte, is that both the Watchman and the Republican had a hand in it and on that account it should have been entirely without errors. In the Commissioners' Acc't with the Sheriff, nearly two columns, there is outrageous workmanship by the Watchman; it does not have the lines indented, following

the first line to an item, and worse yet, in the same acc't the Watchman, in very bad taste has a bill of items with the figures hid in the body of the reading. There is no such bad workmanship on the job put out by us. We would insist upon the authorities making the Watchman refund the \$245 received for its outrageous bad job last year, were it not for the financial ruin it might bring upon our jealous neighbor.

Then the Watchman says no one can understand our supplement. Well, we went to the Commissioners' office, they say they understand it; we inquired of the attorneys and tax-payers, they say it's faultless, and besides saved the county one half the money.

We sent our devil to sound the devil of the Watchman office, and learn whether he understood the Co. finances. The Watchman devil related who lent the county money, who got interest, what paid the Sheriff, what forscals, and so on. Our devil then wanted to know how he knew all that, and he answered that Kurtz had sent a big pile of supplements to the Watchman office and he had read one. We next had our devil get in conversation, on a sly, with the Watchman editor, and inquire of him how the Co. finances stood. The editor said he did not know; that Kurtz sent him a bundle of supplements, and he wasn't going to touch 'em nor read 'em; that last year the Watchman got \$35 per 1000 for printing them, and this year they gave the job to Kurtz at \$18 per 1000 and he'd be cuss-darned (patent applied for) if he'd touch 'em, and he'd tell everybody there was bad spelling about them.

The Watchman will just come along now and enclose "them" circulars. You can't get the Commissioners to print you a new set, any more than you can fool them into putting up a grand, fancy forty or fifty thousand dollar bridge as an adornment and annex to your office.

It is no wonder Providence finds it necessary to clean out the Watchman once every three months by a flood. And if it were not for the sake of a couple of arm-fulls of sweet, pretty girls, employed as compositors in an upper story, it would have washed the whole thing off long ago. But Meek has already reformed a few poor women out of a job and Providence don't want to add to the number.

Put in "them" Supplements, now.

In another column we give an account of the fearful flood disasters along the Ohio. The rivers have been falling since Monday.

The Executive Committee have decided to hold the next Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg.

The Michigan Legislature is still balloting for a Senator in place of Ferry.

On the 8th of March next Simon Cameron celebrates his 85 year. Peter Cooper, a few days ago, celebrated his 93 birthday.

PROHIBITORY AMENDMENTS.

The Senate Committee on Constitutional Reform decided on the following amendments to the prohibitory amendment:

Sec. 1. The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale any intoxicating liquors that seem to be used as a beverage is forever prohibited within this commonwealth, and the General Assembly shall without delay enact such laws as may be necessary to enforce prohibition.

Sec. 2. The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale intoxicating liquors for other purposes than as a beverage, shall be regulated by laws under sufficient penalties.

The long disputed title to the possession of the Arrington estate, comprising near 1,000 acres of land, including the National Cemetery, opposite Washington, will be settled by the payment by the Government to General Lee's heirs of \$150,000, less accrued taxes amounting to \$15,000.

The Truckee river is now frozen to the bottom. In passing along over the glassy surface of the stream whole schools of trout are seen firmly fixed just where the cold wave struck them. The ranchmen living along the river now go fishing with axes.

The story of the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke, as told by the car driver Kavanagh at Dublin, if it shall be confirmed by other proof, will result in the conviction and execution of the assassins—ten in number, we believe. There is no doubt of that, nor that if the men are guilty they richly merit the extreme penalty of the law.

The sage of the Elk Creek Schmutzblatt still has Berchtersen the brain, and occasionally falls into an "interlocutory." From all indications he is nearly exhausted and yet not one-fourth through his program. If acceptable we will hire for him an 8 year-old school boy to assist in getting through with his essays and correct the spelling, by which the Schmutzblatt would be further improved. We always have a kindly feeling for our fellow men.

THE FLOODS.

SIX HUNDRED FAMILIES HOMELESS.

New Albany, Ind., February 14.—The loss by the flood here is not less than a quarter of a million dollars. No lives have been lost. The farmers along the Ohio river suffer greatly, many losing their entire crops. Six hundred families are homeless and many are destitute. All the manufacturing are stopped.

THE DISTRESS AT JEFFERSONVILLE.

Indianapolis, February 14.—Private information from Jeffersonville, Ind., says the city is flooded from two to twenty-five feet deep and five thousand people are homeless. Many have lost all they had on earth. A large number of cottages in the lower part of the city were swept away and hundreds of people are quartered in second stories in public buildings and in business houses. Food is sent to them in skiffs. The scenes of suffering are appalling. It is still raining and the river is rising. The loss will reach over one million dollars. The people will have to leave Lawrenceburg. No lives have been lost so far as can be learned.

THE CINCINNATI ACCIDENT.

Cincinnati, February 14.—Herman Wilburg says he and his brother Joseph and thirteen other boys were on the platform of the station when it fell yesterday, and all were thrown into the water and drowned except himself. No other reports of missing boys have been made to the police. Wilburg does not know the names of the other boys.

A VILLAGE UNDER WATER.

Indianapolis, Ind., February 13.—A m.—The following dispatch has just been received from the railroad station near Lawrenceburg in regard to the condition of affairs in that town:

"Hardtown, Ind., February 13.—There has been no loss of life, as far as we can learn. The damages will be very heavy, but it cannot be estimated until the water goes down. The water is now about three feet higher than it was last February, and up to this morning it has risen about one inch per hour. Lawrenceburg is entirely covered. The entire village of Hardtown is covered with water. Some people had to abandon their houses entirely."

TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN LOUISVILLE.

Louisville, Ky., February 13.—Business is almost at a stand still, owing to the floods. The mayor is distributing food to the sufferers with liberal hand. The board of trade has turned over \$500 to the sufferers and more is to follow. The German flood sufferers' fund has been diverted to home use. It amounts to \$716. The theatres will give the gross receipts of Saturday's performances. The greatest disaster that ever befell Louisville is now upon us. The flood crisis came about midnight, and to-day nearly a square mile of territory is under water within the limits of the city. From five thousand to eight thousand people were driven from their homes. To cap the climax, there has been loss of life, how great it is impossible to say. This morning the entire section of the city from Preston street east is cut off, and north of the short line is in the river. People living there had plenty of warning.

AT CINCINNATI.

Twelve Boys Reported Drowned by the Depot Disaster.

Cincinnati, February 14.—The river is rising at the rate of an inch and a half an hour. It stood 65 feet, 11 inches at 12 o'clock. The weather is warm and still rising. The first authentic report concerning the loss of life at the Cincinnati Southern depot yesterday was made to-day, by Herman Wilburg, a boy living at 17 Wilsack street. He says he and his brother Joseph, with 12 other boys, were on the platform when the water broke through McLean avenue; that the entire party were thrown into the water; that he swam to Gest street, escaped and went home; that his brother and all the other boys were drowned. He does not know the names of the other boys.

CARING FOR THE DESTITUTE.

Soup houses were opened to-day in various parts of the city to feed those able to get to them. Bishop Elder has ordered the Catholic churches open to accommodate the homeless, and sent a circular to the churches to-day asking country business to be sent to the Chamber of Commerce and City Central Relief Committee. The standing trust to advance money on the bonds yesterday authorized by the Legislature, so that relief will be prompt. There have been some fears of a meat famine on account of the difficulty in receipt of live stock, but several thousand dairy cattle can be utilized in case of necessity.

A GLOOMY PROSPECT.

The river at 9 o'clock to-night was 65 feet 3 of an inch and rising slowly. The day has been the gloomiest in the history of the city. Business was wholly neglected on Change and all attention given to the saving of property and affording relief.

LAWRENCEBURG UNDER WATER.

Louisville, February 14.—The worst situation along the river is in the city of Lawrenceburg, 18 miles below here, at the mouth of the Great Miami, on the Indiana side of the river. There is not a spot of ground in that city to-day that is not four feet under water. The place is isolated from help by rail or river, and bread, has to be conveyed to the sufferers by skiffs.

MADISON ABANDONED.

Madison, Ind., February 14.—The river is rising an inch and a half per hour. Milton, Ky., opposite Madison, is com-

pletely submerged. Not a house is exempt from the overflow. Large cables are being used to anchor the buildings. The water is up to the second floors of many dwellings. Fulton, the eastern suburb of this city, has been abandoned; also all the front and extreme western section of the city. The backwater and Crooked creek have inundated the city on the north, and Springdale Cemetery is partially covered with water.

JEFFERSONVILLE.

Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 14.—Our city is flooded with water from two to twenty feet deep. Five thousand of our people are made homeless, many of whom have lost all they have on earth. A large number of cottages and houses in the lower part of the city are swept away. Hundreds of people are quartered in second stories. Food is sent to them in skiffs. The scenes of suffering are appalling.

CINCINNATI.

To-day and to-night, 14, in Cincinnati there are fully forty miles of uninhabitable streets which can only be traversed by skiff. Most of these boats are plying the waters on business, carrying food and fuel, and sometimes clothing—often conveying the doctor. These boats never stop day or night. At night they carry lanterns through the streets lighted with lanterns swung high on house fronts. The scene would be as beautiful as it is grand were it not inseparably associated with suffering, loss and destruction.

The loss of property from the direct effect of the floods will be enormous, to say nothing of the loss of time and the effects of the suspension of business. Nobody knows what the aggregate will be, but no one to-day puts it at less than 5 or 6 millions of dollars.

The flood at Cincinnati is receding. Business is resuming. Ten thousand people are fed and sheltered. The relief movement throughout the country proceeds with some earnestness.

SEVENTY MEN DROWNED.

Details of the Terrible Mine Disaster Near Braidwood, Ill.

Braidwood, Illinois, February 13.—This city is filled with lamentations, owing to the terrible disaster of yesterday, which resulted in the death of seventy persons, who were overwhelmed by a landslide, a number of those killed leaving large families. The shaft in which the accident occurred has been working for the past eight years. It is situated at Diamond. The country thereabout is as level as a floor. The sudden shower and heavy rainfalls have transformed the prairie into a lake for miles. With scarcely any warning there suddenly appeared an opening from the surface of the earth into the mine. The surface being covered with water it took only a short time for the water to permeate the entire mine, drowning all who were unable to get out before the rising water caught them. From the galleries narrow spurs or gangways are dug out in various directions. These spurs rise and fall with the ledge of coal, sometimes rising to twelve or fifteen feet of the surface. It was such a point, very near the top, where the break occurred. There was little time to give an alarm, for in less than an hour from the time the break occurred every avenue of escape was cut off and every occupant of the mine at that time must have been drowned. The galleries were long and narrow, and only by painfully slow crawling could the poor victims escape. The mine was not considered especially dangerous, though a break had occurred once before about the same place. There is no chance of a rescue, but in order to reach the bodies of the dead Mr. Fordyce, general manager of the company, has gone to the scene of the disaster with two steam pumps. Only drowned or suffocated remains can be recovered. The majority of the workers under ground are foreigners—English, Scotch and Irish.

EIGHT MEN CHARGED WITH THE PAOXEN PARK MURDER.

Scenes in the Court.

Dubuque, Feb. 3, 1883.—James Carey, a member of the corporation, Joseph Brady, a shoemaker, Edward O'Brien, a shoemaker, Edward McCaffery, a van driver, Peter Carey, a mason; Lawrence Hanlon, a carpenter; Peter Doyle, a coach builder; and Timothy Kelly, a coach builder, eight of the men recently arrested here, were charged at the investigation to-day with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park. A witness named Fitzsimmons, identified Counselor Carey as being connected with the conspiracy. Great excitement was visible among the occupants of the densely crowded court room when the eight prisoners were placed in the dock. There was a painful pause when the witness Fitzsimmons was called. The prisoners in the meantime shook hands with each other and looked among themselves, nodding to the front. The Clerk of the Court then read the charge against the prisoners, that they did on the 6th of May last, feloniously kill and slay Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke. The reading of the charge was greeted by the prisoners with a burst of loud laughter, which created a painful sensation in the court.

THE KNIVES.

Mr. Fitzsimmons deposed that he rented a room in South Cumberland street from James Carey; he discovered in the loft of the house two knives and a rifle, which were produced soon after Carey's arrest; the rifle and the two knives were found among a lot of rubbish; they were not much concealed; a fortnight afterward he went to the police and delivered the knives and rifle. Amid intense excitement Inspector Smith produced two long-bladed dissecting knives, evidently as sharp as razors, and a Snider rifle, which is quite new. The knives were eagerly examined

by the magistrates. While this was proceeding there was just a shade of uneasiness visible among the prisoners.

A chairmaker named Hann identified O'Brien as one of four men lying near to the scene of the murder, and Brady as being close by shortly before it was perpetrated. Hann identified Brady as the driver of the car on which the Phoenix Park assassins rode. Upon his identifying O'Brien the latter attempted to smile, but soon afterward broke into a profuse perspiration.

THE STATE COLLEGE.

Report of the Committee of Investigation.

One hundred and forty students now attend the State Agricultural college in Centre county. Quite a number are ladies. The institution has not been a success since its establishment, and in order to ascertain the cause of failure, and also to investigate certain alleged abuses, the Legislature two years ago appointed a special committee to examine into the charges. On this committee are Messrs. Mylin, Newmeyer, Colburn, Norris and Alexander—Senators and ex-Senators, ex-Representatives Milham, Bierly, McClure, Mapes, Findlay, Jodge and Roberts, with Representative Hall. The report is ready and was brought before both branches of the Legislature. As it covers only 1,122 pages it was not read. The special committee have signed it with the exception of Mr. Bierly, late of Williamsport. He did not sign because he is now in Texas, interested in cattle droves, and not in colleges in Pennsylvania.

The committee reports that they find all the vouchers of the trustees correct. This is the usual preliminary to a whitewash. Yet they do not use this purifying political compound any further. They renege the old board of trustees for neglecting to give proper attention to the college's concerns, and state in the report that neglects nipped the college's best interests in the bud. They condemn the agricultural societies of the state for never selecting or electing one of the thirteen trustees to which they are entitled. Action of that sort threw the government back upon the local management, and General Beaver, the report says, was compelled to take entire charge. Much credit is given him for his action in the premises. One of the recommendations is the abolition of the State experimental farms in Chester and Indiana counties, and the establishment of a central station similar to the 127 stations in Germany, which have been patterned after with much success in Ohio.

The committee makes the report a complete history of the college. It gives the progress of the State Agronomers, which protest was made on the grounds that the neglect was in teaching the classics to the detriment of farming. Hon. Victor E. Pollard specially referring to that exception in his testimony. Another abuse referred to at length in the Westgrove farm in Chester county, where a state appropriation of \$8,000 made the total amount of insinuating the experiment \$48,000. This farm the report says, has been a great drain on the college and help to the farmers of Chester when they wanted blooded cattle. The Chamford Farmers' Club, of Chester county, have referred to this farm largely in their discussions.

The committee, in closing its report, expresses the opinion that the trustees made honest mistakes of judgment, but the statement is made that the failure is largely due to the lack of interest taken by the agricultural classes in the State.

"Newspapers which neither advocate nor profess any political principles cannot exist without running a tilt against some political organization or some political leader. They must do something novel from time to time in order to hold their readers. Such journals may be good for amusement but hardly for instruction." In giving expression to such sentiments, the Harrisburg Patriot administers a deserved rebuke upon so-called independent papers which fail to take an opportunity to ruin a cause which they cannot direct and control absolutely."—Wellborn Gazette.

But worse is a paper that announces itself two months Democratic and ten months leaning around on all sides.

AN INSTANTANEOUS LIGHT.

Such is a word in the unique apparatus on exhibition at the rooms of the Portable Electric Light Company, 22 Water Street. It occupies the space of only 5 square inches and weighs about 5 pounds, and can be carried with ease. The light, or more properly lighter, requires no extra power, wires or connections, and is so constructed that any part can be replaced at small cost. The chemicals are placed in a glass retort; a carbon and zinc apparatus, with a spiral platinum attachment, is then adjusted so as to form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Company was recently incorporated with a capital of \$100,000, under the laws of Massachusetts. Some of the prominent business men of the state are identified with this enterprise. In addition to its use as a lighter, the apparatus can also be used in connection with a burglar-alarm and galvanic battery.—Boston Transcript.

The Newcastle and Northern Railroad Company was chartered a few days ago with a capital of \$250,000. The road is to run from near Lawrence Junction, Lawrence county, through Newcastle to Sharpville, Mercer county—a distance of 25 miles.

Produce wanted all the time, at Brown's new grocery, Bellefonte. Especial inducements offered farmers to take their produce to Brown's.

Charlie's Plan.

Charles Somers was only an errand-boy in a great West-end firm of art upholsterers and decorative hangings—a pale, big-eyed child, with brown hair, drooping over his forehead, and a sensitive little mouth, merely one of the bits of human machinery which made the great, glittering whole revolve so smoothly.

At the shop nobody gave him a second thought or a second look; but here at home he was "Charlie," the youngest and the pet. His chair in the window-seat was kept sacred to him; his little shelf of books was undisturbed, and the ugly little terrier-dog by the fire was petted and caressed, and treated to occasional bones, because it was "Charlie's." For even errand-boys occasionally have homes and mothers!

"Why don't you eat your pie, Charlie?" said Mrs. Somers, watching the progress of his supper with true maternal anxiety. "I baked it on purpose for you, and you are letting it get cold."

"Just wait a minute, mother," said Charlie, who had darted away from the table, and was scratching away with a lead-pencil on a bit of buff wrapping paper. "One minute! There Elsie! I thought I could carry the pattern in my eye. What do you call that?" triumphantly holding up the piece of paper.

Elsie Somers—a tall girl, who was stitching away at a roll of pearl-white flannel, carefully enveloped in old linen—leaned over to look at his trophy.

"Oh, how exquisite!" said she. "Charlie, where did you get such a pretty pattern?"

Charlie chuckled, and laying down the paper cut deep into the turnover apple pie, and rewarded himself with a mouthful thereof.

"Could you embroider it, Elsie," said he, "in deep, deep blue—almost black—on an olive-satin ground, or old gold?" "Could I?" said Elsie. "Of course I could. But what does all this mean? What are you talking about, Charlie?" "Just this," said Charlie, swallowing a second mouthful of apple pie. "Three times two is six, ain't it? And twice six is twelve, and twice twelve is twenty-four, and ten times twenty-four is two hundred and forty."

"Charlie," cried Elsie, "are you crazy?"

"Not a bit!" nodded Charlie. "Now listen—you and mother were crying as I came in, because the rent was overdue and the landlord was insolent; and I was wishing I was big enough to pitch the fellow down stairs, or to earn enough to settle with him, and move our traps somewhere else. Now here's the way to earn two hundred and forty shillings. Twenty into that goes twelve times, don't it? That's twelve pounds. Say half of it clear profit."

"Charlie," said Mrs. Somers, "I think you must be dreaming."

"No, I'm not," said Charlie, chasing the last delicious crumbs of the apple-turnover around the plate, with evident relish, before he pushed it back.

"Only hear me out. There was a lady customer at our shop to-day, Mrs. Vivyan, of Lowndes Square, looking at that very pattern of curtain—light blue flower-de-luce, all wreathed with dark blue vine-leaves, on old gold satin, for four windows. Hand-embroidered, Mr. Sellers said—imported from Paris. And she would have taken it at ten shillings a yard, only Lady Southwood had just ordered it for her boudoir. At least that was what Sellers said. And couldn't it be matched? Mrs. Vivyan wanted to know. And Sellers said, no, not possible. Now, Elsie, if you'll embroider the design from these scribbles of mine—I'll go to Mrs. Vivyan and sell it for you."

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Elsie, with a gasp at the comprehensiveness of the idea. "But where on earth should we get the material—twenty-four yards of satin?"

"Get the Old Miser to lend it to you," said Charlie, succinctly.

Elsie shrank back.

"I couldn't ask him," said she.

"Then I will," said Charlie, "if you try the experiment, Elsie. Come—nothing ventured, nothing won. Say yes."

"Yes," whispered Elsie.

And away scampered Charlie, to unfold his schemes to an old wood-engraver who lived in the top story of the house, and who, having been nursed through a tedious attack of inflammatory rheumatism by Mrs. Somers and her daughter, was popularly supposed to care somewhat more for them than for the other lodgers.

He was old, and he was shabby, and he had a small account at the savings-bank, which three facts had won him the appellation throughout the tenement house of the Old Miser, but his real name was Jenkins.

"Lend you five pounds, eh?" said Mr. Jenkins, looking up at the lad through his goggles like a huge specimen of the lobster tribe. "Humph! that's a pretty cool request, ain't it? What should I lend you five pounds for?"

"Because we need it," Charlie answered, valiently.

"And because Elsie and mamma are so—so poor! And because—"

"Because," said Mr. Jenkins, quietly, "they were good to me when I was sick and alone. That's the best reason of all. Well, what are you going to do with the five pounds?"

"Speculate, sir," said Charlie, bravely.

And then he explained his ideas.

"There are the germs of an enterprising business man about you, young fellow," said Mr. Jenkins. "Yes, I'll lend you the money—or, rather, I'll lend it to your sister."

Mrs. Vivyan was sitting in her boudoir, writing cards of invitation to a musical party, wherewith she was intending doubly to enchant the senses to an especially favored few, when the blue-ribboned maid showed in a little lad, with a bundle under his arm.

"He would insist upon seeing yourself, ma'am," said Matilda, the maid.

"Would you be so good as to look at these curtains, ma'am," said Charlie, without allowing the grand lady time to express any surprise at his appearance. "Its the wild vine and flower-de-luce pattern—peacock blue on old gold, you know."

And as he unfolded the glittering fabric, exquisitely embroidered in the artistic pattern, Mrs. Vivyan uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise.

"It's exquisite!" she cried. "It's superb! Even more beautiful than the other. Did Mr. Sellers get it for me after all, then? And how much do they ask for it?"

"It's ten shillings a yard," said wise little Charlie, "and there are twenty-four yards. Enough for four windows."

"I'll take them," said Mrs. Vivyan, promptly. Tell Mr. Sellers—"

"Please I don't come from the shop," said the boy valiantly. "My sister embroidered the curtains. I saw how much you were pleased with the pattern last month, and I copied it as nearly as I could, and Elsie—that's my sister—worked it. And if you are suited with it we shall be very glad, ma'am."

Mrs. Vivyan took off her jewelled eye glasses and stared at the boy.

"I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life!" said she. "Do you mean to tell me that that exquisite work was done by your sister—here, in this country?"

Charlie's face beamed with pride.

"Every stitch of it, ma'am," said he. And he carried back with him the rich lady's cheque for twelve pounds.

But this was not the end of it. The next day a card came up—Mr. Vivyan's card, and Mr. Vivyan himself followed it, to Elsie's secret dismay.

"If I could only have had time to brush out my hair!" thought the girl, not knowing how lovely she looked in the picturesque disorder of her fair, yellow tresses, as she sat at the everlasting embroidery frame.

The gentleman raised his hat as courteously as if she had been a princess of the blood.

"I am Mrs. Vivyan's emissary," he said. "She wishes to order a banner-screen to match the curtains, and she hopes that you will undertake the commission."

"Gladly," cried Elsie with sparkling eyes.

And the two sat down together to design the pattern, as enthusiastic as two children.

"He's the pleasantest gentleman I ever saw," said eager Elsie, when Charlie asked her about the visitor when he returned from the shop. "But I thought you said that she wore eye-glasses and a false front of hair, Charlie?"

"So she did," said Charlie. "But all ladies wear those wiggly concerns now-a-days."

"He must be a great deal younger than she," said Elsie, thoughtfully.

"Married her for her money, probably," said Charlie, as he sat down to his supper.

Elsie began her banner-screen the next morning. Old Mr. Jenkins had been repaid his loan with interest, the landlord was paid, a score of petty debts had been settled in various directions, and still there remained a little residue in the family treasury. No wonder that the golden-haired girl sung at her work.

Mr. Vivyan called the next day to take Miss Somers to a "Needlework Exhibition," where there was a device of water-lily buds, something similar to the flower-de-luce stalks.

Afterwards he bought a book of old engravings, with illuminated borders, for her to look at; and there was the Renaissance to discuss, and the growing pattern on the old gold satin to criticize.

And one day Mrs. Vivyan herself wrote a note to Elsie:

"I want you to come and look at my conservatory *protiees*," she said. "They are stiff and ugly, and I know that you could remodel them. I have heard so much of your artistic skill that I am beginning to have great faith in you."

And Elsie entered the rich lady's carriage, and was driven to Lowndes Square. Mrs. Vivyan welcomed her with the sweetest grace and cordiality. "My dear," she said, "I am glad to see you."

Elsie glanced timidly at her. Oh, how old and wrinkled she seemed, to be his wife!

"Your husband told me—" she began.

"My husband!" repeated the elder lady. "I have no husband, child. I have been a widow for fifteen years. It isn't possible that you mistook Herbert for—my husband! It isn't possible, my little shy beauty, that you are ignorant that he loves you?"

Elsie turned first red, then pale; she might have fallen if her arm had not been gently drawn through a stronger one.

"Mother," said Mr. Vivyan, "you have spoken too abruptly. Miss Somers is taken by surprise."

"Well," said Mrs. Vivyan, smiling, "go and look at the conservatory *protiees*. I will wait for you here."

The end of it is easily to be conjectured. Mrs. Somers' pretty daughter is queen of the Lowndes Square house and a pretty country abode in Kent, and Mrs. Vivyan senior has subsided into a graceful dowager.

Mrs. Somers toils no longer now, and little Charlie has exchanged the drudgery of the shop for school.

And all this romance grew out of a tangle of flower-de-luce blossoms and wild vine-leaves!

So truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction.

In a Russian Prison.

In the cells of the upper and middle tiers are put the least compromised criminals. All the cells are of the same size—ten feet long, seven feet broad and twelve feet high. The doors have each two openings—one large enough for the daily food and drink to be put in through it and the other of smaller size, to serve as spy hole for the jailors. The doors are also each fastened with two padlocks—the key of one being in the jailer's custody, while that of the other remains in charge of the commandant of the fortress. The dish from which the prisoner eats is pushed through grooves cut in a plate of iron which projects from the interior of the door, at the height of about four feet from the floor. The dish cannot, therefore, be removed by the prisoner, who must take his food standing against the door—and this with a spoon which is attached to the plate. The drinking water is put into a sort of jug hinged to the door. When the prisoner wishes a drink he must get down upon his knees and turn the vessel upon its hinges or pivots. Food is supplied at eleven o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, and ordinarily consists of oatmeal gruel and a quarter of a kilogram of meat; besides this there is a daily allowance of a kilogram of rye bread.

The prisoner's bed consists of a plank, six by three, with a straw mattress, a sheet so strong and coarse that it is impossible to tear it, and a covering of felt—all of which articles are taken away during the day. The dress consists of a gray woolen jacket quite short and tight-fitting; short pantaloons of the same color, and long felt boots. For women the jacket is supplied, and a gray shirt added. The prisoners must get up at six o'clock and go to bed again at eight. It has been ascertained, by means of the secret observations which are constantly taken through the peepholes, that, as a general rule, the prisoners spend their long hours from their rising until their breakfast in pacing to and fro in their cells; after this they are wont to remain quiet for an hour or so, only to give way next to an excess of desolate despair which their pitiable situation may well inspire.

Queer German Decisions.

The highest court of Germany decided a queer case in a queer manner. A butcher's wife obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. He appealed, declaring that she had driven him from home by injurious and defamatory expressions, and was, therefore, the really guilty party. The court, however, nonsuited him, and held that, since "both parties belonged to the lower classes, where such expressions were common, there was nothing defamatory in them." A Berlin saloon-keeper entertained some guests after the legal hour for closing. A policeman appeared among the *convives*, when the publican exclaimed: "Gentlemen, the policeman got in through the window." The officer brought him up for defaming him in the discharge of his duty, but the policeman was acquitted. "The intention of ridiculing the officer was clear," said the judge, but the expression itself was not wisely chosen. For, since it would have been the duty of the policeman to come in through the window, instead of through the back door, as he actually did, if he had had no other means of ingress, the charge of the publican, though false, was not defamatory.

About Women.

Something that will interest and amuse.

The only possible secrets between two married people should be those which are confided to either one of them by others. While some people, who call themselves worldly wise, will laugh at the idea of such perfect confidence as this implies, others still, especially the newly married, who have but small worldly experience, will be shocked that I should suggest the keeping of any kind of secret by either wife or husband from the other. I am not prepared to say that these last are not the wiser of the two. Only, in that case, when any confidence is proffered to either husband or wife, the recipient of it should make his or her position clearly understood.

Possibly there is a certain hardness toward old friends in requiring them either to dispense with the sympathy we have been wont to give them, or else to submit their weakness and trial to the cold judgment, the cynical consideration of a man or a woman who has for them no tender toleration born of loving intimacy. Yet it would be better to refuse ever to listen to another confidence while the world stands than to receive a secret to keep when its custody would be a wound to one whose happiness should be our first object. Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough and free enough from jealousy not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share, and then there can be no harm in such a confidence.

But no personal secret can fitly belong to one only of the two people of whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage had been realized by that old judge, who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife, and when at last she had left him, his lips were dumb and without her he could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denial. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning.

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was a question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved not a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses and lain among the lilies of life." I am not speaking of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan—because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for love's sake, to learn the lessons of life and live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "The rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help make her small sacrifices for the general good. Try her and you will see.

But if you fail to tell her just how much you have, and just what portion of it can be properly spent, and what portion should be saved for the nest-egg in which her interest is not less than your own, then you cannot justly blame her if she is careless and self-indulgent, and wishes to-day to want to-morrow.

There are thousands of little courtesies, also, that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of a great social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it an unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will have no less scruple in showing her husband that his talk wears her. Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so unified in taste that whatever interests the one is of equal interest to the other, but this cannot always be the case, even in a happy marriage; and is it not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying courteous attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the acquaintance, whom it is a transient pleasure to please?—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Our Continent.*

Scraps.

A three year old little girl at Rochester, N. Y., was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma too!"

A Boston type-maker, who occasionally dumps old type into his melting kettle, has several times been scared half out of his wits by violent explosions in the molten fluid, and now, after investigation into the cause thereof, he requests the printers of New England not to buy any more pistol cartridges into their old type.

A celebrated vocalist, whose demeanour and acting were as awkward and ungainly as his voice was beautiful, said one day to Charles Bannister: "Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" "No," replied Bannister. "Why, then, when I was fifteen, I swallowed by accident some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time you had swallowed a dancing master."

"Why, Franky, I never knew you before to ask for preserves a second time." Franky didn't say much, but his little brother Tommy, who was innocent of the ways of bad boys, spoke up, with a guileless smile on his pure, little face, and said: "That's because Franky lost the key he made to open the pantry. That's why he never used to want much preserves at the supper table. He used to get all he wanted before supper, but now he can't open the pantry." After Franky's father had administered the proper corrective, and the stricken youth was left alone in the shed to repent of his crime, Tommy remarked to himself, as he sat down to study his Sunday school lesson: "I expect poor Franky is sorry he didn't give me some of them preserves when I asked him for them. He will know better the next time."

Convicts at Dartmoor Prison, in England, make skeleton keys out of the bones of their meat. Nothing could be more appropriate. Their escape by this means reminds us of one of those skeleton leaves.

To get up a dinner of great variety, cooks should be allowed a wide range.

Men who have money to loan take the greatest possible interest in their business.

A gentleman had his picture taken recently; cost him \$200, and still he is not happy. A fellow took it out of the hall when the latch was up.

The reason that aesthetics so admire the story is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.

It is an undeniable fact that nearly all centenarians are poor and have been poor all their lives. If you wish to live to a good old age, young men, never advertise.

The Blood-Stanching Weed.

During the French expedition to Mexico General Martroy was informed by a native that a plant grew in his district which was largely used in the domestic surgery of the Mexicans, and he advised the General to lay in a stock of it for use in the French camp. It goes by the name of "the blood-stanching weed"—the exact native word has not been placed on record. This plant has the property, when applied after being chewed or crushed, of almost instantly arresting the flow of blood from a wound. General Martroy brought home some specimens of this plant to France, and cultivated it in his garden at Versailles, where it has thriven excellently ever since, blossoms every year and produces a sort of fruit. Meanwhile its transplantation to European soil has not robbed it of the quality for which it was originally recommended to its introducer. Its recognized botanical name is *Tradescantia erecta*. Although it is quite the reverse of an ornamental plant, and is not distinguished by any beauty of shape or color in its flowers, it fully deserves, if we may trust our informant, to be widely cultivated on account of its rare medical value. The practicability of its acclimatization is now placed beyond all doubt. Its effect in stanching bleeding is said to surpass all means hitherto applied to this purpose, and it is in any case to be procured cheaply and easily. Experiments have been made with it in Vienna, and the *Neu York Presse*, of that city, advises its regular cultivation for medical use.

William Taylor tells of a young preacher who took his audience on this wonderful flight of fancy: "Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, from satchellite to satchellite, and from seraphine to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the center of the doom of heaven."

Pious Reflections.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," was the solemn admonition of Him who sublimely bore the burdens of the entire world.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell easy there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

Our lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or like the spring, aglow with promise, and like autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good words and deed have ripened on the field.

"Let love be without dissimulation." Let your profession of it be sincere and not hypocritical. Do not wear a mask, pretending to be one thing, while you are another. "Love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

Men may not appreciate your labors, nor reward you for your toil, but you may rest assured that labor faithfully performed, with an eye to the divine glory, shall not fail of its reward. If it is not rewarded here, it will be hereafter. Then be patient; labor on; do your duty, and leave the result with God.

There are two sides to a question, but where our feelings are concerned, we are apt to look at but one, and that the one that justifies us. We forget that others have also a right to their opinions, and they view the matter in an entirely different light. It is well to consider both sides before deciding what is right.

They say that I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young, younger than I ever was before.

THE LABOR OF LOVE.—A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden until one day the sun's light striking through a slated window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this marvelous face which he had wrought—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: "This is the grandest work of all! love wrought this!" In the great cathedral of the ages—the temple being builded for an habitation of God we shall learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.

How to Spoil a Husband.

Henpeck him.
Snarl at him.
Find fault with him.
Keep an untidy house.
Humor him half to death.
Boss him out of his boots.
Always have the last word.
Be extra cross on wash-day!
Quarrel with him over trifles.
Never have meals ready in time.
Run bills without his knowledge.
Vow vengeance on all his relations.
Let him sew the buttons on his shirts.

Pay no attention to household expenses.

Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet.

Tell him as plainly as possible that you married him for a living.

Raise a row if he dares to bow pleasantly to an old lady friend.

Provide any sort of pick-up meals for him when you don't expect strangers.

Get everything the woman next door gets whether you can afford it or not.

Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family.

Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wished you had married some other fellow that you used to go with.

Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spooney lovers, but that for married folks it is very silly.—*Christian Advocate.*

Recent Legal Decisions.

STREETS—RAILWAY TRACK—DAMAGES TO LOT-OWNERS.—The owner of lots on a street in Denver, upon which he had erected a hotel and dwelling-houses, sued the Union Pacific Railroad Company to recover damages for the injury to his property by the laying of its track in the street. This track was put down 18½ feet from the pavement and above the level of the street, so wagons could not freely pass to and from the houses. The company set up as its defense that the track had been laid by virtue of an ordinance which granted it the right of way through the street. The plaintiff recovered a judgment for \$1850 in this case—*Mullandin vs. Union Pacific Railroad Company*—in the United States Circuit Court for Colorado. Judge Hallett, in the opinion, said: "The right and interest of the plaintiff in the street in front of his property is secured to him by section 15 of the Bill of Rights of the State Constitution, which declares that private property shall not be taken or damaged for public or private use without just compensation." It has been said that property cannot be "taken" within the meaning of that provision except by an appropriation of the land itself, but no such limitation is applicable to the clause relating to damages. The beneficial use of plaintiff's estate embraces the right of ingress and egress, which cannot be withdrawn or obstructed without substantial damage to it. The use of the street is therefore a right of property in plaintiff, which, if it is not "taken," is certainly "damaged," within the meaning of the Constitution, by the act of defendant in building its road through that street."

PATENT—ARTICLE NOT MARKED—VERBAL NOTICE.—A compound which had been patented, but upon which there was no notice of that fact, was prepared by another person, and the patentee sued for an infringement. The defendant relied upon the absence of the patent-mark as his defense. On the trial of the case—*New York Pharmaceutical Association vs. Tilden*, in the United States Circuit Court, S. D. of New York—the complainant was allowed to prove that verbal notice of the issuing of the patent was given to the defendant, who continued thereafter to make, use and sell the compound. Judge Wallace, in giving the complainant, a decree said: "The statute, Section 4900 United States Revised Statutes, declares that no damages can be recovered in a suit for the infringement of a patented article when the stamp is not on it, except upon proof that notice of the infringement was given, and there was a continued making, using and vending of the article. It has never been decided in any reported case brought to my attention, whether the notice contemplated by the statute is a written notice, or whether a verbal notice is sufficient. This statute requires proof that the defendant was duly notified, and then continued to infringe, and therein differs from statutes which have been the subject of judicial construction upon the method of notice. Not only does it not require, in terms, 'notice to be given,' but it does not relate to a notice in the course of legal proceedings; therefore, as the sufficient notice prescribed includes a specification of the time when the patent was granted, it is reasonable to conclude that any notice, verbal or written, which includes this information will be sufficient."

ATTORNEY AND CLIENT—SUBSTITUTION OF ATTORNEY—CONDITIONAL FEES—ATTORNEY'S LIEN.—A motion was made for a substitution of solicitors in the case of *Wilkinson vs. Tilden*, in the United States Circuit Court, Southern district of New York, and it was resisted on the ground that the solicitor of record had made disbursements in the suit and that his fees were to be paid to him only upon the condition that he succeeded. Judge Wallace, in granting the motion, attached to it the following conditions: First, That the disbursements should be paid. Second, That the lien for fees should be preserved and the proper compensation paid out of any successful result. He said the general right of a client to change his attorney at his election is universally recognized by the authorities. This right is indispensable in view of the delicate and confidential relations which exist between attorney and client and the peril to the client's interests engendered by friction and distrust. But application must be made to the Court for an order to preserve regularity in the conduct of suits, and it will hold the client to fair dealing and refuse assistance to any attempt to take advantage of one of its officers.

RAILROADS—OBLIGATION TO OPERATE THE ROAD—MANDAMUS—STRIKE OF EMPLOYEES.—The order of Judge Haight was made at a special term of the Supreme Court of New York last summer, quashing the petitions and orders to show cause why a peremptory mandamus should not issue to compel certain railroad companies to receive and deliver promptly all such freight

and other property as might be offered to or received by them for transportation at the usual or reasonable rates. The suit was that of the people, upon the relation of the Attorney General, against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company. The complaint alleged that these roads had uniformly delayed and sometimes peremptorily refused to receive and deliver freight and to transport it, thereby causing great loss to the people of the State, for which there was no adequate remedy in damages; and that the trade and commerce of the city of New York was greatly injured by this conduct of the railways. The ground upon which the defendants relied on their motion to quash was that they were unable to receive, load and discharge freight efficiently, because they were compelled to employ unskilled men, as their freight handlers had refused to work for their pay of 17 cents an hour, demanding 20 cents an hour, which sum they refused to pay. On the hearing, against the objection of the counsel for the people, the defendants were allowed to open and close the argument.

An appeal was taken to the General Term of the Supreme Court, who reversed the decision of Judge Haight in every part. Judge Davis, in the opinion, said: "The question on the facts shown in the papers before us is this: Can railroad corporations refuse or neglect to perform their public duties upon a controversy with their employees over the cost and expense of doing them? We think this question admits of but one answer; the excuse has in law no validity; the duties imposed must be discharged at whatever cost; they cannot be laid down, or abandoned, or suspended without the legally expressed consent of the State. Railroads are in every essential quality public highways created for public use, but permitted to be owned, controlled and managed by private persons. But for this quality the railroads of the respondents could not lawfully exist. Their construction depended upon the exercise of the right of eminent domain which belongs to the State in its corporate capacity alone, and cannot be conferred except upon a public use. The corporation by accepting its charter takes upon it the trusts imposed by it; it becomes an agency of the State to perform public functions which might otherwise devolve upon public officers, as is the case with regard to other public highways. The fact that individuals may have private remedies for the damage done them does not deprive the State of its right to a mandamus. The right of the State to compel the performance of every step necessary to bring a corporation into a condition of readiness to perform its functions is not doubted, and it is strangely illogical to assert that the State is powerless to compel the doing of the acts for which the corporation was created. The quashing of the motion was a novel proceeding. Such action is taken by the Courts in disposing writs of process, not in deciding applications to obtain them, and the right of the Attorney General to open and close the argument, he being the moving party, is not to be questioned."—*Philadelphian Record*.

An Ounce of Prevention.

Sometimes an ounce of prevention is worse than a pound of disease. One day last week the children came running in, shrieking that a big hawk was circling over the poultry yard. Old Farmer Thistlepod dropped his paper, caught his trusty gun from the rack, and charged for the poultry yard. He ran right over a bee stand just the other side of the cypress bush, and was stung in thirty places before he jumped over the fence of the poultry yard, alighting upon the old black hen that was brooding thirteen chicks, breaking her neck and mashing five hapless "wheetles," the gun caught in the fence as he jumped, and went off, killing a young turkey, and filling the Durham heifer in the meadow nearly full of buckshot; while the hawk, alone calm and self-possessed in the midst of the tumult and confusion, sailed gracefully away with the one spring chicken he had all along intended to levy on.

It was election time, and little Glynn heard so much talk about men who were running for office. One day, his mother, noticing him run from one place to another, asked, "What are you playing now, Glynn?" He replied, "Oh, I am not playing at all, I am running for office."

Experiments recently made in Europe, with a view to ascertaining the best method of preserving manure, show that manure allowed to accumulate under cattle three months or more in specially constructed deep stalls was found in every case, as compared with that of ordinary manure heaps, in a more workable condition, the ammoniacal salts were better preserved and the useful ingredients were present in greater proportions.

Restful Reflections.

Wanted to know—what interest views pays distance for lending him enchantment.

"I have not loved lightly," as the man said who married a three-hundred-pound widow.

"None but the brave deserve the fair"—and none but the brave can live with some of them.

A greedy man should wear a plaid waist-coat, so as always to keep a check on his stomach.

It is easy to break into an old man's house, because his gait is feeble, and his locks are few.

The fellow who slept under "the cover of night" complains that he came very near freezing.

A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

Why are poultry the most profitable stock to keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.

The way to make time pass quickly—raise a row and get knocked into the middle of next week.

What moral lesson does a weathercock on a church steeple continually inculcate? 'Tis vain to aspire.

We frequently hear of a flight of steps, but we have never yet been able to discover where they fly to.

An extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed, which killed the patient. The physician is doing well!

A provident, and yet improvident man—the baker; he kneads much, but sells everything he kneads himself.

An old Greenland seaman said he could really believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whales' blubber.

It is said that short, dumpy people are more humorous than long, lank folks, on the ground that brevity is the soul of wit.

Somebody, in describing a beautiful lady, says she has "a face that a painter might dwell upon." Rather a broad face that!

A pawnbroker having joined a temperance society, it was remarked that there need be no fear of his not keeping the pledge.

What is the difference between a man paralyzed with fear and a leopard's tail? One is rooted to the spot, and the other is spotted to the root.

It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of a glover who hung up in his shop the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately."

The man who always leaves church before service is over, in speaking of an "ancient" single lady, said she was "fearfully and wonderfully maid."

"I had rather not take a horn with you," said the toper to the mad bull; but the bull insisted on treating him to two, and the toper got quite high.

One or the other: It is always "put up or shut up" with the umbrella.

Important discovery: It is now reported that a North Carolina man has discovered a meerschaum pipe mine.

A bad shot: "I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."

A marine disaster: "Yes," said the captain of the ocean steamship, we had a very expensive trip this time. Very little sea-sickness; passengers ate frightfully."

Exceptions prove the rule: Professor—"If you attempt to squeeze any solid body it will always resist pressure." Class smiles and cites examples of exceptions which prove the rule.

Notable case of stupidity: A restaurant sign on Washington street reads: "A cup of coffee two and five cents." Why this is not condensed to "a cup of coffee seven cents" is queer.

"I pass," the Greek: Greek recitation: Benevolent professor (prompting)—"Now, then, Elpass—" Somnolent Soph (remembering last night's studies)—"I make it next." (He goes it alone before the faculty.)

A matter of multiplication: Teacher—"Why, how stupid you are, to be sure! Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time." Pupil—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly nowadays."

The nice prayer rug: "Now, pa dear, you must give me \$75, because I want that prayer rug right away," said a vivacious young miss. "Prayer rug? Now, what earthly use is a prayer rug to you, my dear?" "It is of no earthly use at all, pa dear. It is for a heavenly purpose I want it, pa." Now what father would have refused to gratify the angelic ambitions of a daughter under those circumstances?

"Know thyself," may be an excellent sort of proverb, but it's forcing a pretty tough acquaintance on some folks.

Health Hints.

PAINLESS CURE FOR WARTS.—Drop a little vinegar on the wart and cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus; put on as much soda as you can pile on, and let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day, and in three days the wart will be gone. A good remedy for corns also.

WOMEN'S HEALTH.—Eminent medical authority is given for the statement that the chances for life for men are, on the whole, better in this country than in England, and the same would doubtless prove true as regards women were like comparative statistics available. On the subject of diet, it is asserted that, among the lower and middle classes of the larger New England cities, the diet could hardly be worse, and is a most potent and prevalent source of ill-health. People fill themselves with "unassimilable abominations," shatter their nervous system by excessive tea-drinking, and dyspepsia with its attendants is the result. Nevertheless, the outlook is not less encouraging than twenty-five years ago.

RESPECT THE BODY.—A writer in the *Health and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more. Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draft on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke, from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body: don't overwork, overrest, or overlove it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it a well worn but not a misused thing. Meantime treat it at least as you would your pet horse, or hound, and my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."

"Width av the Dure."

"I want a piece av a board sawed off, planed on the outside," said Mr. Donlevy. "We'd a few friends at the house last night to a christenin', and the lower panel av the dure got kicked out in the merriment."

"How wide do you want the piece cut?" asked the carpenter.

"The width av the dure, av course," replied Mr. Donlevy.

"And how wide is the door?"

"Well, it's as wide as a chair is long, jist. Ye kin jist lave a chair across it to kape the children-in-an' the pigs out, an' it fits as though it wur matched fur it."

"But all chairs are not the same size," said the carpenter.

"Aw, thunder and teuf! yer thicker headed nor a railroad spike; the chair comes up jist even wid the edge of the windy sill."

"But how high is the sill?" asked Mr. Chips.

"Bother the badgering tongue o' ye," growled Mr. Donlevy. "It's only the wideness av me hand barrin' the thumb higher than the rain wather barrel that stands outside, an' if ye can't make it from that ye can't have the job, and I'll take it to some carpenter that understands his business and knows the measure av a dure in his head without makin' a catechise av himself. Say, can ye cut me the piece av the size av that, ye leather-headed wood-butcher ye, or will I go find a man av your craft that has half he sinse ye wur born wid?"

And he had to go find one.

The Danger of Using Arsenic for the Complexion.

It is necessary to raise a warning cry against a most mischievous statement, which has recently been circulated, and has already done harm, to the effect that "arsenic in small doses is good for the complexion." It is not difficult to imagine the danger women will incur to preserve or improve their "good looks."

No more ingenious device for recommending a drug can be hit upon than that which the authors of this most baneful prescription of "arsenic for the complexion" have adopted. Suffice it to recall the fact that for many years past chemists and sanitarians have been laboring to discover means of eliminating the arsenical salts from the coloring matter of wall papers and certain dyes once largely used for certain articles of clothing.

It is most unfortunate that this hopelessly antagonistic recommendation of arsenic to improve the complexion should have found its way into print. Those who employ the drug as advised—and there are many either already using it or contemplating the rash act—will do so at their peril. So far as they are able, however, it will be the duty of medical men to warn the public against this pernicious practice, which is only too likely to be carried on secretly. It is not without reason that we speak thus pointedly, and urge practitioners to be on the qui vive in anomalous or obscure cases.

Reverence for Wild Animals

The poor people of Siberia have a great deal of genuine reverence for wild animals with which they are constantly surrounded, and from which they are always suffering to a great or less extent. The wolves and bears they especially fear, for these animals in the winter-time are unusually bold and fierce. Not unfrequently they have been known, when driven to extremities by the pangs of hunger, to make a raid upon the smaller villages. They seem to know by instinct when it is safe to attack and where not. They are rarely ever seen in the vicinity of the larger towns, and never venture enter them.

The smaller villages, and the smaller settlements, they delight to plunder, and truth to tell they are generally pretty able to scatter everybody before them, temporarily at least, and to escape with unscratched skins. In the case of the bears they are usually found alone, or at the most two together, prowling about in the night seeking whom or what they may devour. In many places where the means of defence against their ravages are scant and inadequate, the villagers, when they hear bruin prowling about the village and pushing his nose against the doors of their houses and huts, considerably throw refuse and meat out into the street to him. In this way his hunger is not unfrequently appeased, and he goes away without doing further damage.

But the objection to this mode of warfare is that the bear very soon becomes attached to the locality that treats him so well, and becomes a visitor too frequently for the comfort and enjoyment of those who are thus, as it were, compelled perforce to be his entertainers. After awhile the business gets to be monotonous and some means at last are devised to quiet his too ravenous appetite by putting him into the proper condition to be winter food for those who have hitherto been his hosts. Thus is the balance of courtesy evenly preserved.

A Medical Opinion of the Electric Light.

Before the electric light becomes, as it must soon become, the common illuminating agent of the period, says the *Lancet*, a determined effort should be made to devise some mode of mitigating its peculiarly unpleasant intensity. The vibratile impulse of the electric force is obviously stronger than the delicate terminal elements of the optic nerve in the retina can bear without injury. We are wont to apply the adjectives "hard" and "soft" to light, and their significance makes them peculiarly appropriate. The electric light is too hard; it needs to be softened. The waves of motion are too short, and the outstroke—so to say—joins the instroke at too acute an angle. This might doubtless be obviated by employing suitable material for globes, and shades, but perhaps the best plan would be to break up and scatter the rays of light by reflection. If a small convex reflector were placed immediately below the light in the protecting globe, and one of larger dimensions above it, so as to secure a double reflection with ultimate divergence downward and outward, the effect would be to cause the "rays" of light to fall obliquely on all objects within the immediate area of illumination. This would, perhaps, obviate the need of colored glasses, which the promoters of the electric light seem to dislike. Certainly there is a considerable sacrifice of power in the use of the opaline globe—so much indeed, that some of the districts lighted by electricity displayed through this medium do not present any obvious superiority over gas. Something must be done, for, as it is, the electric light is "trying to the eyes," which means that it is in danger of injuring them, and, already, there is reason to believe, mischief has been wrought by its use. For true comfort there is nothing like the light given by the old-fashioned pure wax candle.

The Bible in Japan.

Recent letters from the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan convey intelligence which is indicative of the rapid progress of Christianity in that empire. It is to the effect that a number of Japanese Christians had presented a formal and earnest appeal to be allowed an active part in the work of translating the Old Testament.

They speak of the translation of the Bible as a great work and far-reaching in its consequences; of the blessings which had come to them through the New Testament, which had been already published and widely circulated; of the severe evils which would ensue if the remaining work was not wisely done, and of the want of uniformity and style which would be sure to mark a translation which was produced by the labors of many different scholars working apart. They therefore submit a

ries, that the Chinese eat these things. But it is true. We saw a whole puppy stewed in a kettle. We saw a table full of men satisfying their hunger with dog meat, and they ate with a hearty relish. We saw cats and pups in cages for sale, and rats hung up for purchasers. The dishes looked savory, and the price of a meal was "dog cheap," but we did not indulge in any "bow-wow" soup, or feline steak, or rodent pot-pie. We weren't hungry just then. The Celestials will tell you "rat number one good eattee," and show you rats skinned, rats salted, rats dried, rats hung up by the tails and rats strung on strings. If you doubt the genuineness of the article the proprietor will show you the meat with the hair and tail attached for identification.

Cat meat is said to be a fine tonic, and rat is good for bald-headed men. Puppies and kittens are generally preferred; old dogs and Tom cats are apt to be rather tough. Black cats are supposed to be more nutritious than white ones, hence the following advertisement seen in a shop window: "Black cats served hot at all hours; also snakes, rats and dogs."

Small Jokes.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked the farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the youngster, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

The Alabama Planter complains that his little garden patch was unprofitable last season: "The snails ate up the cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats."

A Parisian item: "Why is the straw before the house? I hope madam is not ill." "No, no, Monsieur, only in bed the last three days." "Indeed! and not ill you say?" "The fact is, Monsieur, she has lost two of her favorite carriage horses, and cannot bear to hear the sound of wheels."

A cool young gent, all of the modern days, entered a menagerie with a cigar in his mouth, when the proprietor politely requested the visitor not to teach the other monkeys bad habits. The young man proved himself equal to the occasion by producing his cigar-case and saying, "Try one."

"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?"

"Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that, I have kept my thoughts to myself."

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railway office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?"

queried the reporter, whipping out a note book. Said the railway man, edging his way towards the door: "That paint you are leaning against."

The railway man is now in the hospital, and the reporter is in jail.

During the Mexican war one of the generals came up to Captain Bragg and said, "Captain, the crisis has arrived; fire!" Whereupon Captain Bragg said to the lieutenant: "You hear what the general says—fire!" The lieutenant said: "But, Captain, I don't see anything to fire at!" "Fire at the crisis!" said Captain Bragg.

Ruskin observes that as a rule women have no eye for color. This explains why a woman is obliged to spend three-quarters of a day in getting the exact shade of ribbon to trim a dress, while when it comes to mending her husband's pantaloons she seems to think that a yellow patch is just the thing to match black broadcloth.

—*Norwich Bulletin*.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it's a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness!"

REPORTER

Editor

advocate my personal interests on the floor of Congress except so far as they are coincident with the interests of my constituents and the whole people. I represent a district teeming with industries, the basis and raw material of which is iron in some form or other. My constituents want cheap iron, therefore, and in this respect their interests are in harmony with the wants of the whole people. The experiences which I have gained as an iron master should, therefore, be devoted to pointing out how iron may be made cheap. If the people think that there is an honest effort on the part of the iron interest to respond to just demands and to advocate obvious reforms they will not be disposed to press for reductions of duty which would involve embarrassment to the business or cutting down of the wages of labor. The people understand that the iron business cannot exist in this country with wages at their present level without countervailing duties sufficient to make up for the difference in the wages paid here and abroad. But they will object, and very properly, to the imposition of duties which are simply prohibitory and which have no effect whatever in putting up the wages of labor, but simply add to the cost of iron to the customers, and produce a loss to the community for which there is no compensation whatever. I therefore urge upon the representatives of the iron interest upon the floor of the House not to seek to raise duties, but diligently to find out every item which can be made free, or upon which duty may be reduced without injury to business, and not be deceived by the outcry which proceeds from iron masters who have works located in unfavorable positions, and whose final extinction from domestic competition is only a question of time.

IRON AND ORE.

LETTER FROM CONGRESSMAN HEWITT, PRESENTED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Common Sense and Practical Ideas of Tariff Reform.

In the House of Representatives, Hon. S. S. Cox, stating that his colleague, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, was unable to attend the session of the House on account of sickness, obtained leave to have printed in the Record the following letter received from that gentleman:

New York, February 5, 1883.
Hon. S. S. Cox, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 5th inst. is received. From some futile inquiries which have come to my notice I infer that an attempt will be made in the House to assail the position which I took before the Tariff Commission in favor of free iron ore and free scrap iron on the ground that I am looking out for my own personal interests in advocating the removal of duties upon these articles. I observe in the Senate that three Senators, who ought to have known better in view of what I distinctly stated to the Tariff Commission as to my personal interests, made this charge against me, and they have not since had the manliness to retract it. Let me say then if there be any man in this country who would be injured by the removal of duty from iron ore or from scrap iron, I am that man. I am very largely engaged in mining iron ore in various parts of the United States, where I am interested in mines of magnetic iron ore nearer to the seaboard than any other in the country. I am, therefore, more in competition with foreign iron ore than any one else, and the removal of the duty would injure me if it would injure anybody. But the fact is that no foreign iron ore is sold here at less than \$6 a ton, while I am selling my ore, equally rich, for \$4 per ton. The effect of the price of my ore as there is a margin of \$2 per ton in my favor now, and if the ore be made free I shall still have a margin of \$1.50 a ton.

WHY FOREIGN ORE COMES IN.

The reason why foreign ore comes in is because we do not produce enough ore low in phosphorus for the manufacture of pig iron required for the Bessemer steel process. Last year, because the country did not produce this ore, and did not produce enough Bessemer pig, we imported over six hundred thousand tons of foreign pig iron. If the ore had been free the pig iron which we imported would have been manufactured here out of foreign ore, which would have given a large additional opening for American labor and would not have reduced the output of American ore one ton. It is plain, therefore, that free ore would be a benefit to the whole country as well as to the iron industry in which I am engaged. So in regard to scrap iron. Its free introduction is opposed on the ground that it will interfere with the manufacture of pig iron. If it be so I would be greatly injured, as I am a large producer of pig iron, but as a matter of fact, cheap scrap and pig iron are friends and not enemies. They can be most advantageously worked in combination with each other, and the cheaper the scrap can be had the better prices the buyer can pay for pig iron and the larger will be the demand when the business has adjusted itself to the more favorable conditions thus produced.

VIEW OF IRON MASTERS.

I am aware that the iron masters as a body do not agree with me in my views, but they and the gentlemen who represent them in Congress are making a mistake. They think that we are suffering from foreign competition, whereas the depression in the iron business is due solely to domestic competition. Localities in which iron cannot be made cheaply are yielding to the superior advantages of other regions in this country where the conditions of production are more favorable. No addition to the tariff can prevent this competition or interfere with the inevitable result of driving inferior concerns out of existence. The process is disagreeable, but it is necessary and healthy. Cheap food, cheap fuel and cheap iron are the essential elements of growth and prosperity in any nation, and without them no nation can be great and free. The interest of the American iron master, therefore, is not to devise methods by which iron may be made dear, but to find how it may be made cheap, and if there be anywhere an unnecessary impediment to economy and reduction of cost it should be promptly removed. The duties on iron ore and scrap iron are a purely obstructive, unnecessary impediment to the cheapening of the cost of iron, and they should at once be abolished.

PERSONAL INTERESTS.

I do not think that I have any right to

HIGHWAYMEN KILLED.

From the Bradford Star we learn that Henry J. Miller, a lumberman who lives in Warren county, don't believe in parleying with foot-pads and highwaymen. Recently Miller, who had \$500 on his person, started to drive from Clarendon to Garfield. The country is infested with bad characters who live by robbery. While passing through a strip of woods, two men suddenly appeared by the roadside. One tried to catch the horse by the bit, while the other essayed to climb into the buggy. Mr. Miller drew his revolver, and taking a quick but steady aim, fired two shots, both robbers falling under the fire. He went to Garfield and informed the authorities. A constable and party of citizens left for the scene where the dead body of a man was found. The snow in the vicinity was covered with blood, but there was no trace of the missing desperado.

A New Grain for the South.

The Rev. H. H. Pratt, of South Carolina, who was for some time a missionary to South America, has presented in the public a new cereal, which he calls millonaze. It is found in Columbia in large quantities, and forms the common food of the working classes there, and is also used for working animals. Mr. Pratt has been successfully growing it in South Carolina for several years. The cakes made from it, ground into meal, are preferred to cornmeal bread. The Savannah Guano Company's chemist pronounces it superior in food qualities to wheat. Experiments show that from fifty to 100 bushels of clean seed per acre can be raised. Mr. Pratt describes the plant as follows: "The plant is allied to the sorghum and Guinea corn families, and should not be planted where there is any danger of miking them. The grain is smaller and more mealy than the Guinea corn, the heads are larger and more compact, and the color is milk-white instead of red. It differs from the sorghum in this: that the sugar it contains is fully converted into corn, when the grain matures—so that the pith of the green stalks becomes as dry and tasteless as that of Indian corn when the stalk is dead. In Barranquilla, on the coast, where we have a dry season (which is really a drought) of five or six months continuance, I have had it planted in my garden, and after it had ripened one crop of seed I have cut it down to the roots, in the midst of this dry season, and had a second crop, of inferior quality of course, to shoot up at once from the roots. I have been told that a third crop of fully-ripened seed can thus be made from a single plant. I do not know what this can imply (for the soil at that season gets dry as potsherds and nearly as hard, unless it lives off the atmosphere which there certainly is densest) but it shows that the capacity to stand drought which induced me to bring the seed home. In the belief that it would be of incalculable service to our Southern States, where our crops so often fail from drought.—Southern Lumberman.

The New Patter Song.

In Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Iolanthe," the Lord Chancellor thus sings about a sleepless night: When you're lying awake with a dismal head-ache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety, I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in without incurring any penalty. For your brain is on fire, the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you. First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you; Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like needles—so terribly sharp is the pricking. And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ding. Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tantrum. Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual angle. Well, you get some repose in the form of a dose, with hot cyphers and head over heels; But your slumbering teens with such horrible dreams, that you'd very much better be waking.

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for you head on the floor; and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and you feel as if you were in a mill, and you're cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung and a feverish glow, and a tatter-tail's intense and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover. But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight and the night has been long, ditto, ditto my song, and thank goodness, they're both of them over.

The people of Knoxville, Tennessee, have set a good example to Southern communities, which have long been cursed by the spirit which holds human life cheap. They have organized a Law and Order Society for the special purpose of enforcing the law against murder, and have appealed to the local authorities for their active and moral support. Just in proportion as the determination thus evinced becomes general throughout the South will that part of the country lose the disgraceful notoriety which crimes against life have given it.

The Comet's Envelope.

It is now stated upon the best astronomical authority that the comet has thrown off an envelope. Of course if the envelope is gone the comet will get lost in the mails. It never could travel through a Star Route without an envelope, properly stamped and addressed, with an if-not-called-for-in-ten-days printed in one corner. It looks hard for the comet.—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

The piano on which the "Wacht am Rhein" was improvised, by its composer, Carl Wilhelm, has just been sold at Berlin for \$350.

If you want a nice, plump and fresh oyster, the best dried beef, the most elegant cheese, the best flavored coffee and tea, unadulterated spices, canned goods from the best establishments, dried peaches, prunes, or berries, cheap stone-ware, fine glass, China and other table ware, then just go and ask for it at Sechler's grocery, and they will show you what you want, and take any produce you bring and allow you the highest price for it.

It is stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has determined to put down altogether, five tracks between Harrisburg and Middletown.

Special from February 1883
Private Office of
Mr John Wanamaker

Six Paragraphs to Out-of-town Customers.

City residents are in the store every day and know what is going on. This is to give some of the same information to those who are not in town every day.

- No. 1. Reductions are made since stock-taking, in Linens, Ladies' Dresses and Coats, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hosiery, Little Boys' Clothing.
- No. 2. 56 pieces of the same Black Silks that a few weeks ago were good at \$1.35, open this month at One Dollar per yard.
- No. 3. Muslins have been lowered in price—almost all the makes.
- No. 4. The Dress Goods part of our business compels, in addition to the Eleven counters, two more of 140 feet. This Spring's Stock will be the best we have ever shown.
- No. 5. We are enlarging the Store by adding another on the Chestnut Street front.
- No. 6. In answer to many inquiries as to the size of the Store: Its floors and galleries now occupied cover Nine acres; the highest number of people employed is 3,292. It is the largest Store in the United States.

We do send Samples and Goods by Mail.

Address:

John Wanamaker,
Philad.

An exchange says: "A thing that is not generally known is that the United States Supreme Court forbids lawyers to wear within its bars anything but black. The weather may be as hot as the region toward which all sinners are tending, but no grateful seer-suckers or flannel dusters or wet duck is permissible. The nine old duffers in easy chairs may nod and snore and have their ease, but those who appear in counsel must dress in black."

Blackbill's furniture rooms have recently received an addition to stock. He has the largest and best assortment in the country, and sells low. It is the oldest furniture establishment in this or adjoining counties—while dozens of others have gone out of existence, Blackbill has kept up and increased his trade. Honest dealing and low prices have justly gained for him the confidence of all his customers.

Jumbo, of the Pon-hoss organ, intends to further improve his paper, as we judge from its last week's issue, and make it a double-header, namely, the "Pon-hoss-Schmutzblatt," in imitation of the Louisville Courier Journal.

The Jersey Shore Herald has the following: The tobacco shed of M. C. Thomas, situated on his farm in Platt township, was totally destroyed by fire, recently, together with its contents consisting of seven acres of tobacco half of which was stripped, cured and in cases, one tread power, threshing machine, hay rake, two-horse wagon, lot of saved posts and barbed wire for fencing, and other articles. The fire originated from a brick fire.

In the Legislature there was a lively wrangle the other day over the free pass business.

J. N. LEITZER, Auctioneer, Spring Mills—satisfaction guaranteed, and charges moderate. 17 Jan 83. SPRING MILLS ACADEMY, will open April 16, 1883, with Prof. LEWIS REITER as Principal. Students taught all the branches necessary to prepare for college. Boarding reasonable. 17 Jan 83. For low prices in job work, sale bills, etc., call at the Reporter office, or send your orders by mail. Try us.

Don't miss the opportunity of getting fine dress goods at cost—you have one chance for it, and that is at Brookerhoff's store, where goods are all offered at cost.

WANTED! Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties, on a salary. We will give a month's trial (and advance money for the expenses of the same), and, if successful, steady employment and good pay. Address, R. G. CHASE & Co., The Chase Nurseries, Philadelphia, Pa. (Enclose stamp) Jan 83

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—
FURNITURE AT
W. R. CAMP'S FURNITURE

Consisting of
CHAMBER SUITS,
BEDSTEADS,
LOUNGES,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
MATTRESSES,
SPRING BEDS,
CANE and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, &c.
UNDERTAKING a specialty.

We keep on hand all the latest and best styles of Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes and Shrouds, at prices to suit all.

REMEMBER THAT WE
MANUFACTURE ALL OUR
OWN FURNITURE, which we
guarantee to be second to none in
workmanship and finish. 18 Feb

GRAIN AND COAL YARD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable property at Spring Mills, consisting of HOUSE and LOT, COAL YARD, SHEDS, GRAIN HOUSE and OFFICE. This is a good business stand, located convenient to the railroad, and every thing well arranged to carry on the grain and coal business. Possession given on 1st of April next. For terms and other particulars apply to J. D. LONG, 19 Jan 83. Spring Mills Pa.

Cards—Attorneys.

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, Feb 17

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conrad building, Bellefonte

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower, ALEXANDER & BOWER.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA., Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promptly made and special attention given to those lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new building

Druggists.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c. Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept.

Dentists.

D. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall, Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 18 Feb

D. S. G. GUTELIUS, Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 278

Hotels.

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Bus to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 26 Jan 83

BUSH HOUSE, W. K. Teiler, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. June 1882

BUTT'S HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. FRANK X. LEHMAN, Proprietor. Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Best butler. Terms reasonable. 26 Jan 83

Banks.

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,

CENTRE HALL. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Comps. Wm. Wolf, Pres. W. D. Mirell, Cashier

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO. BELLEFONTE, PA. (Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits and Allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Comps. Jas. A. Weaver, Pres. J. D. Shugart, Cashier

JAS. A. HARRIS & CO., J. D. SHUGART, Cashier

W. R. CAMP'S FURNITURE

CHAMBER SUITS, BEDSTEADS, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, SINKS, EXTENSION TABLES, MATTRESSES, SPRING BEDS, CANE and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, &c.

UNDERTAKING a specialty.

We keep on hand all the latest and best styles of Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes and Shrouds, at prices to suit all.

REMEMBER THAT WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN FURNITURE, which we guarantee to be second to none in workmanship and finish. 18 Feb

GRAIN AND COAL YARD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable property at Spring Mills, consisting of HOUSE and LOT, COAL YARD, SHEDS, GRAIN HOUSE and OFFICE. This is a good business stand, located convenient to the railroad, and every thing well arranged to carry on the grain and coal business. Possession given on 1st of April next. For terms and other particulars apply to J. D. LONG, 19 Jan 83. Spring Mills Pa.

WANTED! Two reliable men to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock in this and adjoining counties, on a salary. We will give a month's trial (and advance money for the expenses of the same), and, if successful, steady employment and good pay. Address, R. G. CHASE & Co., The Chase Nurseries, Philadelphia, Pa. (Enclose stamp) Jan 83

GREAT BARGAINS —IN— FURNITURE AT W. R. CAMP'S FURNITURE

Consisting of CHAMBER SUITS, BEDSTEADS, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, SINKS, EXTENSION TABLES, MATTRESSES, SPRING BEDS, CANE and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, &c.

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UNDERTAKING a specialty.

We keep on hand all the latest and best styles of Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes and Shrouds, at prices to suit all.

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK
OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

—At—

WILLIAM WOLF & SON,

Equal to Any in the County.

And far Superior to Most any
other Stock.

Fine Dress Goods, latest styles—
unrivalled for beauty,
Ladies only call and see it!

CLOTHING—Overcoats and suits
for Men and Boys.

Hats, Notions, boots and shoes, all
styles and every Variety. The
PUREST and best GROCERIES,
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, none but the
best quality and best flavor.

Beats all for Bargains!

GOODS SOLD UNDER COST!

CLOSING OUT SALE!

BROCKERHOFF'S NEW STORE!

Now is the time for Bargains at
Brockhoff's Store. This is a rare
opportunity for purchasing Goods as
we will offer an immense stock of fine
goods

UNDEER-COIST

Will sell from day to day until every
article is disposed of. This is a
clearing out sale as we propose to quit
the business and every article must
be disposed of. The stock consists of
all kinds of General Merchandise as
CALICOES, DRESS GOODS,
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS,
HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES
GROCERIES AND ALL KINDS OF
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Have a full line of goods at the fol-
lowing prices:

Calicoes, the best	5 to 6 cts.
Fine Dress Goods, wool	6 to 50 cts.
All wool Cashmere	20 to 50 cts.
Flannels	7 to 40 cts.
Table Trimmings	17 to 20 cts.

A large assortment of Clothing
which will be disposed of at a sacrifice.
Call early as goods are going
fast.

Produce taken in exchange and the
Highest market prices paid.

BROCKERHOFF'S STORE,
Centre Hall, Pa.

A Lecture to Young Men
ON THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment
and Remedies of Sexual Weakness, or
Impotence, Nervous Debility and
all diseases incident to the male
system. By J. C. WELLS, M.D., and
author of "The Young Men's Guide."
The world renowned author, in this admirable
lecture, discloses from his own experience
the true cause of the above named
diseases, and the only safe and reliable
method of curing them. He also
discusses the importance of the
sexual system, and the danger of
neglecting it. The lecture is
delivered in a plain, simple, and
easy to understand manner, and
is a most valuable treatise on the
subject. Address—
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, P.O. box, 460.

ASK FOR GENUINE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU
WANT THE BEST.
CALF SHOES, Morocco, Linings, Lasts, Thread, Nails, Eggs, Wax, Braces,
and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order
GENTS' BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French
Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.
GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspep-
sia, indigestion, want of
Appetite, loss of Strength,
lack of Energy, Malaria,
Intermittent Fevers, &c.
**BROWN'S IRON BIT-
TERS** never fails to cure
all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have
been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia,
and could get no relief (having tried
everything which was recommended)
until, acting on the advice of a
friend, who had been benefited by
Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a
bottle, with most surprising results.
Previous to taking Brown's Iron
Bitters, everything I ate distressed
me, and I suffered greatly from a
burning sensation in the stomach,
which was unbearable. Since tak-
ing Brown's Iron Bitters, all my
troubles are at an end. Can eat any
time without any disagreeable re-
sults. I am practically another
person.
Mrs. W. J. FAYO,
Maverick St., E. Boston.

**BROWN'S IRON BIT-
TERS** acts like a charm
on the digestive organs,
removing all dyspeptic
symptoms, such as tast-
ing the food, Belching,
Heat in the Stomach,
Heartburn, etc. The
only Iron Preparation
that will not blacken the
teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by
Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and
have crossed red lines and trade-
mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

SECHLERS!

NEW GOODS!

Just opened a full line of Choice Fam-
ily

**GROCERIES and
PROVISIONS,**

Such as
**TEAS, COFFEES,
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES,
FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,**

Together with
**GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND
WILLOW WARE, AND
HOUSEHOLD
SUPPLIES OF ALL
KINDS.**

at the lowest living prices. Goods are
all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of
the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.
Beef of the choicest cattle, veal,
pork and mutton, fresh and always
on hand
30 nov. 17

**Benson's
Capcine**
—AWARDED—

**6
Porous
Plaster.**
—MEDALS—

The Best Known Remedy for
Backache or Lamé Back.
Rheumatism or Lamé Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains.
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are Superior to Electricity or Galvanism.
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION.
Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster
has been imitated. Do
not allow your drugist to
sell you any other plaster having a similar
name. See that the word is spelled
C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.
Sole Dealers at Large, Price 25 cts.
and BUNION PLASTER

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, Pa. Feb. 22, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

Matrimonial Stories.

At a recent fashionable wedding, af-
ter the departure of the happy pair, a
dear little girl, whose papa and mamma
were among the guests, asked, with a
child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why
do they throw things at the pretty lady
in the carriage?" "For luck, dear,"
replied one of the bridesmaids. "And
why," again asked the child, "doesn't
she throw them back?" "Oh," said
the young lady, "that would be rude."

"No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear
little thing, to the delight of her doing
parents who stood by: "ma does."
"Do you pretend to have as good a
judgment as I have?" said an enraged
wife to her husband. "Well, no," he
replied deliberately; "our choice of
partners for life shows that my judg-
ment is not to be compared with yours."

In matters of controversy, however, the
woman usually has the best of it. A
witty old author advises men to avoid
arguments with ladies, because, in spin-
ning yarns among silks and satins, a
man is sure to be worsted and twisted;
and when a man is worsted and twisted
he may consider himself wound up.
The above retort might be matched by
a dozen others culled from domestic
controversy, in which the woman has
come off triumphant. "Really, my
dear," said a friend of ours to his better
half, "you've ruined out only a bit of
matrimonial paste." "Then, my love,"
was the reply, "console yourself with
the idea that paste is very adhesive, and
in this case will stick to you as long as
you live."

"See here," said a fault-finding hus-
band, "we must have things arranged
in this house so that we shall know
where everything is kept." "With all
my heart," sweetly answered his wife,
"and let us begin with your late hours,
my love. I should dearly love to know
where they are kept." He let things
run on as usual. It is not often, how-
ever, that one runs across such a crush-
ing retort as that which a Sheffield hus-
band received from his wife the other
day, through the medium of the public
press. He advertised in one of the local
journals that he, Thomas A.——, would
no longer be answerable for the debts
incurred by his wife, who seems to
have been a truly amiable creature, if
one may judge from the advertisement
which she published next day in re-
ply: "This is to notify that I, Eliza-
beth A.——, am able to pay all my
own debts now that I have got shut of
Tommy."

Some husbands would be obliged to
confess, if they told the plain, unvar-
nished truth, that when they led their
wives to the altar their leadership came
to an end. "Your future husband
seems very exacting; he has been stipu-
lating for all sorts of things," said a
mother to her daughter, who was on
the point of being married. "Never
mind, mamma," said the affectionate
girl, who was already dressed for the
wedding, "these are his last wishes." This
is a complete reversal of the rule
laid down by the old couplet, wife, obey:
Wives are our heart; we should be headway.
In many instances, the state of the
case is rather something like the follow-
ing: "If I'm not home from the party
to-night at 10 o'clock," says the hus-
band to his better and bigger half,
"don't wait for me." "That I won't,"
replies the lady, significantly; "I won't
wait, but I'll come for you." He is
home at 10 o'clock precisely.

I went up to the campanile of St. Gi-
orgio, with an odd American, mild in
appearance, and studying for the
church, who was always retreating to
write up his "impressions," which were
three weeks in arrears. He always
dressed in black, and subsequently dis-
appeared without paying his bill. Quoth
he to me, looking placidly round upon
the sea-bound city and the wide stretch
of the lagoons: "Venice has been very
much misrepresented to me in one par-
ticular. I was told that the great fault
was the want of water." Either that
or he had met Gilbert or Burnand.

London Speculator.

An Altoona dispatch says John L. Mc-
Dowell, treasurer of the Young Men's
Christian Association, and a prominent
commission merchant, has absconded
with \$400 of the association's money, and
between three and four thousand dollars
belonging to parties dealing with him in
the commission business.

J. M. Buckwalter, Phoenixville, Pa.
says: "I have invariably heard Brown's
Iron Bitters spoken of as an excellent
remedy."

The commissioners of Lycoming county
have offered a reward of \$800 for the
apprehension of McKinney Smith, fugi-
tive from justice and ex-convict commis-
sioner. It is supposed he is somewhere
in Canada.

If you want furniture warranted
substantial, go to Camp's Centre Hall.
Stock first class and prices low.

Two hundred people of Indiana county,
including ministers and deacons,
have been speculating in grain. One
minister, two deacons and twenty-one
clerics are now bankrupt.

—The only place where store goods
are actually offered at cost, is at Brock-
hoff's store, Centre Hall. The stock on
hand comprises everything in the line of
dress goods, notions, hats, boots, shoes,
canned goods, dried fruit, glass and stone
ware, readymade clothing, groceries,
&c., &c.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE

Dying—yet living. Dr. Miller, of 129
South Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa., says
"I am personally acquainted with a mid-
dle-aged lady in Philadelphia, who had
been given up to die by a consultation of
many physicians. She was confined to her
bed for months, and was moribundly ex-
pected to die. In this condition she took
Merrill's and, to the surprise and disap-
pointment of all, she recovered her health
perfectly. Her case is reported in Dr.
Hartman's Book on the 'Use of Life.' See
page. Ask your Druggist for one, or ad-
dress, Dr. Hartman, Osburn, O."

Hop Bitters

Are the Purest and Best
Bitters ever made.

They are compounded from
Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake
and Dandelion,—the oldest, best
and most valuable medicines in
the world and contain all the best
and most curative properties of all
other remedies, being the greatest
Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,
and Life and Health Restoring
Agent on earth. No disease or
ill health can possibly long exist
where Hop Bitters are used, so
varied and perfect their operations.

They give new life and vigor to
the aged and infirm. To all
whose employments cause irregu-
larity of the bowels or urinary
organs, or who require an Appetit-
izer, Tonic and mild Stimulant,
Hop Bitters are invaluable, being
highly curative, tonic and stimu-
lating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or
symptoms are, what the disease or
ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't
wait until you are sick, but if you
only feel bad or miserable, use
Hop Bitters at once. It may save
your life. Hundreds have been
saved by so doing. \$500 will be
paid for a case they will not cure
or help.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no
vile, drugged, drunken nostrum,
but the Purest and Best Medicine
ever made; the "Invalid's Friend
and hope," and no person or
family should be without it. (9)

CENTRE HALL Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SEHOOP,
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly
keep on hand

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS

and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best ma-
terial, and put together by mechan-
ics of long experience. Hence all
work from these shops is guaranteed.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices low and all work turned
out first-class.
COME AND SEE OUR WORK
Jan 27

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady
increase of business, I have remodelled,
repainted and added to the exterior as
well as to the interior appearance of my
DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more
attractive to my customers. I would now
thank my customers for their liberal
patronage in the past, and solicit a contin-
uance of the same. My stock is as neat
and complete as possible. I am in complete
communication with the principal Drug
Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am
supplied with cuts and price lists, and
anything in my line not kept in stock,
will be sent for at once and delivered at the
same prices that it could be bought at if
you went or sent yourself. I buy my
drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which
enables me to sell just as cheap as any other
drug store in the county. All business
between dealer and customers strictly con-
fidential.
J. D. MURRAY
Jan 22nd
Centre Hall.

NEW GROCERY —AT— —COBURN, PENN'A—

R. F. Vonada will keep staple
groceries, pure and fresh, and low in
price.

COFFEES, SUGARS,
SYRUPS, TEAS,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
HAM, DRIED BEEF,
FISH, SALT,
BEST OYSTERS,
CRACKERS, &c., &c.

All kinds of Country Produce
wanted, and highest market prices
paid for it. 11 Jan 17

NEW DEPARTURE.

Believing it to be the best for
both merchant and customer, that all
dealings should be in cash, and fol-
lowing the example of most promi-
nent and successful dealers, I have
determined to do away with the
credit system after the 17 of July,
1882. After this date the books will
be closed and I will sell only
F-O-R—C-A-S-H
or its equivalent.

Thankful to my customers for
their past patronage, I hope to meet
them in the future at my old stand,
where I am confident I can sell much
CHEAPER THAN BEFORE, and
LOWER than elsewhere. Have de-
termined to give my customers the
benefit of the new system.

PRODUCE will be taken in ex-
change for goods at highest market
price. Respectfully,
I. J. GRENOBLE,
13 July
Spring Mills, Pa.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of **FARMERS, BUILDERS &
BLACKSMITH** supplies, we would call your attention to our stock of

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,

FORT ORANGE,

EASTLAKE AND

WELCOME HOME.

In Ranges the **VICTOR & APOLLO.**

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

"Penn's Valley Bargain Store"

TERMS—To take effect February 1st

Cash or its Equal.

NO OTHER TERMS.

Please notice change in Prices:

2000 yds. best Prints.....	4 cts.
2000 yds. best Muslins.....	4 cts.
Dilworth Coffee.....	14 cts.
Fine Rio Roasted Coffee 10 lb. for.....	\$1 00
Rice 3 lb. for.....	25 cts.
Peaches 3 lb for.....	25 cts.
Prunes 3 lb for.....	25 cts.

Everything reduced.

Each one pays for what he buys and no more.

Call and be convinced that you can buy cheaper for cash than
credit.

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

Clevan Dinges.

GRAIN! GRAIN!

Highest market rates paid for all
kinds of grain

COAL!

The subscriber keeps constantly on
hand and for sale, Egg, Stove, Chest-
nut and Pea coal, at the lowest rates.
G. A. RUNK,
144 3rd
Spring Mills.

AUCTIONEER—The undersigned,
having the reputation of a first
class Salesman, with twenty years expe-
rience in Central Penn'a, selling Farms,
Farm-stock, Merchandise, &c., now offers
his services to the citizens of Pennsylvania
and surrounding country. Charges mod-
erate. Address, **JOSEPH L. NEFF,**
11 Jan 2nd
Roland, Centre Co., Pa.

**THE CREAM OF ALL BOOKS
OF ADVENTURE.**
**PIONEER AND DARING
HEROES AND DEEDS**
The thrilling adventures of all the heroes
and derring-do of the world, from the
beginning of time to the present. The
best of the world's literature, from the
earliest times to the present. The best
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to the present. The best of the world's
literature, from the earliest times to the
present. The best of the world's litera-
ture, from the earliest times to the pre-
sent. The best of the world's literature,
from the earliest times to the present.

872
A week at home by his industrious
best business man. He will save you
capital not needed. We will save you
time, money, boys and girls, wasted
everywhere to work for us. Now is the time.
You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the
business. No other business will pay nearly as well.
None can fail to make enormous pay, by carrying
out. Costly and not to be missed. Address, T. A. & Co.,
Augusta, Maine. Jan 17

SPECIAL NOTICES.
PIMPLES.
I will mail free the receipt for a simple VEGE-
table BATH that will remove TAN, FRECKLES,
PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft,
clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing
a permanent growth of hair on a bald head or smooth
face. Address, enclosing 2c stamp, Rev. V. A. & Co.,
12 Barclay St., New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The advertiser, having been personally cured of
that dread disease, offers, by a simple recei-
pt, an infallible remedy, for the sake of humanity,
and to all who need it, the receipt and direc-
tion for making the simple remedy which he
will send free of charge. With directions for
preparing and using the same, which will
cure Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous
Debility, Premature decay, and all the ills
incident to that state, has, by the use of a
simple remedy, secured permanent health,
and free to all who need it, the receipt and direc-
tion for making the simple remedy which he
will send free of charge. With directions for
preparing and using the same, which will
cure Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

**THAT WONDERFUL BOOK.
GUIDE TO SUCCESS.**
FOR
FORMS
AND
SOCIETY

Is selling by tens of thousands. It is the most
valuable book ever published. It is the best
and most complete. It is the best and most
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valuable. It is the best and most complete.

Please inquire for the drop shifting
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—PITTSBURGH, PA.—
LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
THE GREAT TONIC AND LIFE RESTORER

Our Young Folks.

Honesty Rewarded.

A young telegraph operator at Lachine, near Montreal, Canada, found a package floating in the river there the other day. On opening it he was surprised to find that it contained two hundred and seventy dollars in bank-bills. On making inquiry, it turned out that a clergyman had lost the package from a steamer, and had abandoned all hope of ever seeing it again. The clergyman handsomely rewarded the honest operator.

The four Green boys, of Atlanta, Ga., started a few years ago selling newspapers. They made ten cents a piece the first morning they went to work, and for two winters thereafter they went half-clad through the snow and sleet in the freezing dawn on their morning rounds. From the very first they saved a certain percentage of their earnings, which they invested in Atlanta real estate. The oldest of them is now eighteen years of age and the youngest twelve. They have supported an invalid father and their mother all the time, and now have property worth more than \$5,000, houses for which the rent is \$20 a month, and \$200 stock in a building and loan association. They have educated themselves the meanwhile, remaining from school this year in order to work the harder and build a home for their parents.

Old-Time New Year.

I am now seventy years old, and I want to tell *The Farmer* boys—and girls, too, if they like such things—how we sometimes celebrated the New Year, when this part of the Ohio was the frontier. I remember New Year's day, 1833, I was just twenty years old, for New Year's day was also my birthday. There was plenty of game in those days, deer, turkey, pheasants, wild cats, wolves, and even bears, out here in the woods.

There had fallen a light snow the day before, and about twenty of our neighbors, with their boys, determined to have a grand hunt. We met at our house New Year's eve and decided to start out early in the morning, in pairs, and in the evening we were to meet at our house again, and compare success. The two who shot the most game were to have five bushels of wheat for a prize. Money was scarce in those days, and wheat was currency. A bushel of wheat for a day's work was the common rule.

Tom Harrison, about my age, went with me. We knew the haunts of a bear that had been troublesome in another settlement west of us, and Tom and I had made up that we'd try to find him. We struck a fresh deer track soon after getting well on our way, and followed it up for half a mile, where we found him browsing in a dense place of undergrowth. We were to the windward and got within good shooting distance before he discovered us, or we him. He bounded out all at once, we both fired and brought him down. He jumped up immediately, however, and made directly for us.

"Take to a tree!" I shouted, and speedily climbed one myself. Tom was a little ways in the rear, and before he could find a tree the buck was upon him. Tom dodged behind an oak, and then began a game of hide-and-seek. I was trying to get a shot without endangering Tom, but it was sometime before I succeeded. Finally, as the buck came round I let fly, and hit him in the neck. He made a few jumps, and fell. He was a fine, large fellow. We hung him up and started on, well satisfied with the start we had made.

We next shot a pheasant apiece, which we carried with us. Next we killed a turkey—a large gobbler, and before we arrived at the place where we thought the bear would be found, I shot a turkey hen. Our load by this time was getting heavy, and we carried the game to a settler's cabin and left it in his charge. It was now ten o'clock and we had ten miles to tramp yet, if we expected to get that bear. Tom thought he knew where his bruinship put up, in a sort of cave on the margin of a stream, a spot he had accidentally discovered on one of his hunting expeditions. We arrived there about noon, and sure enough, there were plenty of bear. We built a fire, ate some lunch, and then went to work to smoke out his bruinship, if he was at home. We filled the entrance to his den with leaves, dry twigs and branches, and soon had a dense smoke, which the wind, fortunately, carried directly into the hole, or den, and in less than ten minutes we heard him coming. We stood ready. Bruin came out with an angry roar, for the fire scorched him some as he passed. Before he could get the smoke out of his eyes two big bullets went through him. He dropped in his tracks and hardly kicked, for one of the bullets went through his heart. It was such an easy victory that we could hardly believe it. We expected to have a chase and a fight.

The bear was a big heavy fellow, and we skinned, dressed, and hung him up. Then, taking the hide with us, we

started for home. We had more than one chance to follow game on our return, but we had had enough, and kept straight on, taking up our turkeys and pheasants on the way.

We were the winners of the wheat and the heroes of the day. Next day we took a sled and hauled home the carcasses of the bear and deer, and for a few days everybody in the settlement feasted on bear meat and venison. Three of the other parties had also killed a deer each, and altogether, half a dozen turkeys were shot. I have taken part in a good many New Year's hunts, but this was the most successful one. Some time I will tell the boys of a panther that was shot, not over ten rods from our cabin door.—*Grandfather S. in Ohio Farmer.*

How Ocean Cables are Fished Up.

The machinery used for picking a cable in both deep and shallow water is of the most simple description. It consists of a rope about an inch and a quarter in diameter, made from twisted hemp, with interwoven wires of fine steel; the grapnel at the end is merely a solid shaft of iron some feet long, weighing about 100 pounds, and prolonged in to six blunt hooks, which very much resemble the partly closed fingers of the human hand. In picking up the cable in deep water, the Minia, after reaching the waters near the break, lets out her rope and grapnel, then takes a course at right angles to the cable and at some distance from the fracture, so that the broken end may not slip through the grapnel, the grapnel rope is attached to a dynamometer, which exactly measures the strain on the rope, and shows unerringly when the cable has been caught. If the grapnel fouls a rock the strain rises very suddenly and to a high point; but the exact weight of the cable being known, the dynamometer signals by the steady rate or increase its hold on the cable, which is very far below. The ease and certainty with which the cables are picked up in these days is amazing. A while ago one of the lines of the Anglo-American Company was caught without trouble at a depth of two and a quarter miles, near the middle of the Atlantic. Captain Trott, of the Minia, who has won great fame for his skill and ingenuity in cable matters, but recently picked up the French cable 180 miles off St. Pierre, and in four hours from the time the cable was spliced and in good working condition.

The splicing is a work of great delicacy and skill, and when accomplished by trained fingers, the "spliced" part can scarcely be distinguished from the main cable. So rapid has been the improvement in perfecting the modern cable, that the resistance to the electric current has been reduced to one quarter of what it was twenty years ago, while the duplex system of sending and receiving messages double the capacity of every new cable laid. The working age of the modern cable is about thirteen years.

Punishment for Adulteration of Food in London in the Middle Ages.

In the "Memorials of London" we find that, in 1311, a baker was arrested for selling putrid bread, and in 1316 another baker was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle through the principal streets of the city for selling "light bread, deficient in weight;" and in the same year the punishment of the pillory was inflicted upon a man and a woman for selling bread of "rotten materials" and deficient in weight. In 1319, a certain William Spelyng was adjudged to be put upon the pillory, and two putrid beef carcasses to be burnt under him for exposing the said carcasses for sale; and in 1320 we find two cases similar to the proceeding. In 1348 and 1353, the punishment of the pillory was inflicted for selling carrion—in one case the meat being burnt under the offender. In 1351, proclamations were issued as to the sale of fish. In 1364, a seller of unsound wine was punished by being made to drink it. In the following year the punishment of the pillory was inflicted upon a poulterer for selling putrid pigeons. In 1372, a woman was punished for selling putrid soles; the fish was ordered to be burnt, and the cause of her punishment proclaimed; and we find another case of punishment by the pillory in 1381, for exposing putrid pigeons for sale. In 1390, twelve barrels of eels were ordered to be taken out of the city, and buried in some place underground, lest the air might become infected through the stench arising therefrom. An important proclamation against the adulteration and mixing of wines was issued by Henry V. in 1419, and the punishment of the pillory was ordered for all who sold false wines. If a few examples similar to the above kind were made at the present day, they would be of infinite service to the community.

This is the difference between the much talked of speculation in snout-ou and a game of whist: One is a corner in rubber, and the other is a rubber in a corner.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the rye; The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail; As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale; When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky, And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days gone by!

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies dipped, And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink, And the old snipe stood, fearless of the truant's wayward cry, And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye; The child's faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring— The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.

For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh. In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

Agricultural and Statistical.

Selection of a Farm.

There are many things to be considered in the selection of a farm. To the rich gentleman who wishes to retire from the noise and tumult of city life, a farm has a different meaning than to the poor man who must toil daily for maintenance of himself and family. The former will look through golden eye-glasses and seek for luxuries in the country, while the latter must obtain the necessities of life. The one will let individual taste rule in the choice, the other asks himself, "Is this the best place for me to do substantial farming?" No general rules can be given for the rich man who buys a farm for the purpose of spending money, while for the one who seeks to make a living from the land, there are some words of advice.

The size of a farm should be suited to the capacity of the pocket-book. Many young farmers make the mistake of buying a large farm with little money to pay for it. There is nothing that so binds a man as a heavy mortgage. It eats the very heart out of the farmer, and hangs like a leaden weight upon every aspiration of his wife and children. It is better to buy a small farm and have enough capital to work it well. As the surplus increases, it may be invested in more acres, or in a better culture of those that have already proved profitable. There is a size below which many of the economies of the farm can not be practiced to the best advantage, and on the other hand there is danger of going beyond that acreage where the most profitable farming may be carried on. It requires considerable executive ability to manage a large farm, and therefore many men are excluded from such by a lack which they may not fully appreciate until the trial has been made and the failure recorded. Farming is not like the taking of a citadel, and cannot be done successfully with a rush and a noise.

It is a thoughtful and steady working out from well-laid plans—a conquest for crops, and the head must be clear that wins where the seat of a campaign for a lifetime covers townships or even square miles. The soil is the foundation of farming, and it should be fitted to the kinds of crops that it is desired to raise. The differences in the nature and capacities of sand and clay should be understood, and a favorable mixture of the two obtained if there is an opportunity for choosing. A rich soil with proper management, means good crops at once, but it may be as profitable to invest much less in an equal area of overworked land, and bring it up to a high state of cultivation by green manuring and other methods of restoration. The farm house is to be the home of the family, and therefore the locality for the farm should be healthful. The richest land for the price may be on the border of a malaria-breeding swamp, but the profits of the investment may be more than balanced by the doctor's bills and loss of time, not to mention the discomfort of fevers in the household. It is important that there be an abundant water supply on all farms, both for the family and the live-stock. There are social considerations that no farmer should overlook in making a choice of a farm. He lives not to himself alone; the children need the privileges of good schools, etc.; in short, the community should be one in which sympathy, goodness and intelligence prevail.

With a good farm of proper size, healthfully located, abundantly supplied with water, good neighbors, and a handy market, a man is so well situated that he ought to make himself and those around him happy. Choose well, and hold on to the choice.—*American Agriculturist.*

Nearly one-third of all the sugar sold on the English market is beet sugar.

Mr. C. F. Cobb, of Leeds, Me., raised the past season, from about one acre, 628 pounds of hops, which sold for \$410.

It is said that Australia has more meat-producing animals in proportion to its population than any other country on the globe.

There has been an increase in the importation of butter and butterine into the United Kingdom, and a decrease in the importations of cheese.

Across the water the *Shorthorn* editor of the *Field* insinuates that *Shorthorn* blood was the element that increased the size of the polled cattle.

Statistics place the shortage of wheat in Great Britain at 136,068,000 bushels. The shortage of the oats crop of this country is placed at 1,000,000.

Mr. W. H. Francis, of Frankfort, Mich., realized \$145 for the first three crops from ten Hale's Early peach trees, which are still in thrifty condition.

In the last years Lancaster county, Pa., has produced 142,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The annual profits on tobacco alone in that county is estimated at \$3,000,000.

It has been ascertained at the Granby (Conn.) creamery that it takes ten quarts of milk to make an inch of cream, and an inch of cream makes a pound of butter.

An order was recently given to a Boston dealer for fifty cans of skim milk to be used in the manufacture of a wash for the extermination of insects on the orange trees in Florida.

A Montreal dealer ships tomatoes to England, where they bring good prices. The taste for tomatoes has been acquired, but the English climate will always be too cold for them to ripen.

The *Journal of Agriculture* says that "refrigerator meat in the Eastern markets is not only causing the railroad people to sweat under the collar, but the canned beef crowd is also joining in the kick."

London purple is better adapted to fighting the canker worm on apple trees than is Paris green. It dissolves in water, which is not the case with Paris green, and the former is, therefore, more evenly distributed.

It is a severe calamity to any agricultural country not to be the producer of its own wool. All the varieties producible in the world are equally producible in the United States. Saxony or Silesia can produce no finer.

To cure warts on cows' legs Mr. H. G. Abbott, of Maine, recommends to saturate them three times a week with kerosene oil, and in a short time they will all be gone, leaving the skin smooth and free from soreness.

If a cow's hind feet are tied together she cannot kick. It will make the cow some trouble for a time, but the mind of the milker will be secure and undisturbed. After a few weeks a slight cord on each leg will be enough.

A Fort Smith (Ark.) oil mill furnishes bagging and ties and gins cotton, taking the seed alone as compensation. A few very years since cotton seed came very near being considered worthless, except for manure for the next crop of cotton.

The cow population of the United States is 12,611,148, or about one cow to every four people. This only includes milch cows, and their value is estimated at \$340,500,500, an average of \$27 per head, based upon their prices in different States.

Dear as corn has been it well pays to feed it moderately to cows giving milk. Butter is proportionally as dear as corn, and a feed of the latter affects the butter product, both in quantity and quality, even more than it does the flow of milk.

Dr. Hoskins, of Vermont, writes to the *Rural New Yorker* that he has fruited and compared the three supposed distinct varieties of Russian apples known Grand Sultan, Yellow Transparent and Charlottenhafer, and finds them identical.

The advantages of breeding from polled rams, says a Missouri shepherd, is, an exchange, are that the animals fight less, are never fly-blown around the horns, are more conveniently sheared, and, what is of greater importance, keep easier and grow larger.

The branding of cattle as now practiced in the West is pronounced by the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* to be a crime. That there is much unnecessary cruelty and much wanton destruction of hides in the way this work is generally done is beyond question.

An Iowa correspondent of the *German Town Telegraph* makes his granary distasteful to rats by "daubing all the angles on the outside of the building with hot pine-tar for the width of three or four inches, and also any seam or crack where a rat or mouse can stand to gnaw."

The following are the measurements of three intestinal tubes of sheep which were lately examined: Lamb, Southdown, 6 months old, 74 feet 9 inches; old ewe, Southdown, 100 feet 8 inches; old Leicester ram, 117 feet.

8 inches, when the intestines are pulled out from the mesentery.

On a cranberry farm at Hyannis, Mass., \$40,000 worth of cranberries have been sold this season, and \$7000 paid to pickers at the rate of from one to two cents per quart. Picking affords busy work during the time so occupied, and, after the crop is gathered the gleaners often secure large quantities of the fruit.

A new white potato, called the Duke of Albany, is becoming very popular in England. It is a sprout of the Beauty of Hebron. Most of our American potatoes do well if taken to England; but the rule does not work both ways, as American farmers who have planted imported seed have found to their cost.

The *Boston Cultivator* says that the flowers of raspberries, where this fruit is largely grown, are ruining the honey product of the neighborhood. The bees like this food, but no human being has been discovered who appreciates the product. The honey from raspberries is a dirty yellow in appearance, with a very disagreeable odor.

A writer in the *Fruit Recorder* makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage plants among his corn where the corn missed, and the butterflies did not find them. He has therefore come to the conclusion that if the cabbage patch were in the middle of the corn-field the butterflies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailing.

When pigs do not thrive and try to eat gravel or earth it is a symptom of indigestion. They are probably overfed. Reduce their food one-half. Give two pigs half a pint of sweet oil or linseed oil in the food daily for two or three days, and as they recover gradually give them a little dry corn in addition to their other food. Some charcoal would be of service, and may be given frequently.

The valuation of sheep made in the highlands of Scotland has reached a point which even old flockmasters have not seen surpassed. Sellers are often astonished at the prices they receive, while buyers are paying prices at which they would have been appalled a year ago. This is especially true of desirable breeding stock, while the boom extends through all grades of decent mutton sheep.

In doing up wool the fleece should be put up so as to be comparatively loose, light and easy to inspect and handle. Lay the fleece on the table, turn in the head, tail and flanks, and roll it up, commencing at the tail end. Tie with two strings to keep the roll in place, and then one about the ends. The strings can be laid in grooves sawed into the folding platform, so that the fleece can be tied quickly.

The greater part of the soil of England has been under cultivation for a thousand years, and yet the land is richer and the crops more prolific than they were a thousand years ago. Why, then, should so many thousands of acres in many sections of this country have become so greatly deteriorated in productivity in a comparatively few years? Careless and unskilled culture must necessarily be the answer.

It is a well-known fact that trees along highways, trees in towns and cities, trees in groves amidst agricultural regions, render the atmosphere purer. They, by their foliage, absorb harmful gases, which would otherwise be breathed by the inhabitants of the densely populated cities, thereby modifying diseases, lessening the dangers of epidemics, and in all ways improving the healthfulness of communities.

A variety of tobacco has lately come into use which is called "hybrid" tobacco. It is a cross between seed-leaf and Havana, and produces leaves of smallish size but of excellent quality. The plants are set out nearer together in the field than is usual with seed-leaf varieties, and in that way the yield of the hybrid falls little if any below that of the seed-leaf. The usual distance for setting the plants is about 16 inches in the row, and the rows 3 feet apart.

Regarding the Crescent strawberry, Mr. E. Engle, of Beaver county, Pa., says he finds it larger and handsomer than the Wilson, and escapes the spring frosts better than any other variety. One reason why some growers condemn it is because they allow the plants to run freely and cover the bed with a dense growth of leaves. When subject to hill culture it becomes a different fruit, varying from pistillate to staminate in blossom, according to soil and culture.

"It takes close observation and constant study to make a practical and intelligent bee-keeper." Good advice as far as it goes. One needs to be fortified with a good stock of resoluteness and that kind of pluck which doesn't easily succumb to adverse circumstances even if quite often repeated. Bee-keeping has been reduced to a science; and after all, the asperities of winter and other things which often try the bee-keeper's tact render the business a somewhat precarious one.

In England a ram is often rented for more than the price obtained at sales for others. For the services of the ram Little Lord over \$250 was paid in 1872, and the next season \$420 was realized. For the services of the Shropshire ram Hero \$630 was paid, and many others obtained nearly as high sums. While these prices are seemingly high for one season's services, it may be stated that the lambs born to these sires sell for very high prices, making the investments very profitable to the renters.

Science and Invention.

Facts About Mother of Pearl.

This beautiful metal, which is so much used in many kinds of artistic productions, is chiefly obtained from the pearl oysters (*Melagrina margaritifera*) which are found in the Gulf of California, at Panama and Colagua, at Ceylon and Madagascar, at the Swan river, in Manilla, and at the Society Islands. The black lipped muscles from Manilla bring the best prices. The Society Islands produce the silver-lipped muscles, and Panama the so-called "Bullacks." The peculiar and varied tints and colors exhibited by mother-of-pearl are due to the structure of the surface, which is covered by innumerable fine plates—often several thousands to the inch—which break up the rays of light falling on it, and reflect it in all different tints.

The square or angular pieces are sawed out with a small saw, the piece being held in the hand or clamped in a vise. Buttons and similar round pieces are cut with a crown saw attached to a spindle. All the tools employed in working mother-of-pearl must be kept continually moist to prevent their sticking fast. The pieces are generally shaped on a polishing stone, the rim of which must be ribbed to avoid daubing and smearing. The stone, of course, must be kept wet while in use; a weak soapuds works better than water alone. When the pieces have been brought to the proper shape on the stone, they are then polished with pumice and water. In many cases it is well to shape the piece of pumice so as to fit the form of the article to be polished, and then the latter can be fastened to a handle and rotated in a lathe.

It is afterward polished with finely powdered pumice on a cork or wet rag, while the final polishing is done with English tripoli, moistened with dilute sulphuric acid. The acid brings out the structure of the pearl very beautifully. In many articles it is necessary to use emery before the tripoli is applied, and then employ oil instead of acid. Knife and razor handles have the holes bored in them after they are cut in the proper shape, and are then lightly riveted together, polished on the stone, and finished as before described.

In many workshops the polishing is performed on wheels covered with a wet cloth which holds the polishing material. For common work some pulverized chalk or Spanish white is substituted for the English tripoli.

Mother-of-pearl is frequently etched like copper. The design is put on with asphalt varnish, which protects the parts that are to be etched, and the piece is then put in nitric acid. When the exposed portions have been sufficiently corroded by the acid the article is rinsed with water and the varnish dissolved off with turpentine or benzole. Thin pieces of pearl which are to have the same shape are glued together and all cut and bored at once like a single piece, and afterward separated by putting them in hot water. In ordinary inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, scales or very thin pieces of pearl are fastened on iron or some foundation, usually made of papier mache, with Japanese varnish. The plate is first cleansed and dried, then coated with varnish; when the latter is nearly dry cut pieces of mother-of-pearl are pressed into the varnish by the artist so as to adhere to it. The plate is then baked in an oven until the varnish hardens, when a second coating is put over the entire article, which is then polished again.

Wigs Coming into Fashion Use.

A wig-maker talked me into a secret the other day. It was becoming fashionable, he said, for women to wear wigs. Wigs are not worn to cover baldness or because even the hair is thin, but to save trouble and as a precaution against accident. A woman who has straight hair is just now out of fashion as far as head goes. She must crimp her hair and paste it into little waves and puffs around her forehead and down the sides of her head. This requires great care and becomes burdensome after a time. Besides, hair that is not inclined to curl at all is apt to defy crimping pins and pomade and straighten out at an inopportune moment. The wig-maker, therefore, has come to the rescue of women so unfortunate as to have rebellious hair. He makes wigs that may be worn on the front of the head, between the line of the forehead and the crown. The false hair is crimped and never straightens out.

'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when hope hath built a bower
Like that of Eden, wreathed around with
every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely—so the fond
heart would trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and
all is in the dust.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when
the poor heart clings
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flex-
ible rings,
The lovely thing it cleaveth so fondly
and so fast
Is struck to earth by lightning or shattered
by the blast.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with sounds
too sweet for earth.
Seraphic tones that float away, borne
heavenward in their birth:
The golden shell is broken, the silver chord
is mute.
The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed
the lonely lute.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with all that's
best below;
The dearest, noblest, loveliest are always
first to go,
The bird that sang the sweetest, the vine
that crowned the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the
rock.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with beams of
earthly bliss
That look too bright and beautiful for such
a world as this;
One moment round about us their angel
series play,
Then down the veil of darkness droops, and
all has passed away.

The Lost Bridegroom.

In a rugged and mountainous district
of Wales is situated a mining village,
noted for this little story which the
miners tell to their children.

Years ago in the little village of—
there was an humble but neatly kept
cottage, where an old miner dwelt with
his wife and only child—a son. And
Alick was but a young boy when he de-
scended into the mines with his father.

One evening, as the old miner was
returning home from a neighboring vil-
lage his attention was attracted by a
little girl. She was weeping bitterly.
A few broken, almost inarticulate
words told that she had been deserted
by her mother. The child, weary and
hungry, had cried itself to sleep, and
while she was sleeping, the unnatural
parent had forsaken her.

The old man was touched by the in-
cident. Raising her tenderly in his
arms, he wended his way homeward.
Entering the cottage he placed the light
burden in his wife's lap, saying:

"God in His wisdom has seen fit to
choose our home from all the other
homes in the village to shelter this de-
serted child. Knowing your kind heart,
wife, I did not fear to bring the little
one to you."

The dame pressed the good man's
hand affectionately in reply, and Amy—
for so the child was called—was soon
seated before a simple repast.

Alick, on his return from the parish
school, welcomed the little girl with
every expression of pleasure.

Years passed away, and Amy's child-
hood days were spent.

Without great claims to beauty, there
was, nevertheless, a charm about her
which all recognized.

The miner and his wife were not sur-
prised when Alick one day asked them
for their consent to make Amy his wife,
and to this request they accorded their
heartfelt blessing.

The day for the rustic nuptials was
named, and was looked forward to as an
occasion of general rejoicing. The
happy day arrived, work was suspended
that all might join in the merry-making.

Taking the hand of the trembling
girl within his own, Alick, according
to the long-established custom of the
village, led the way to the little vine-
covered church, where the parish priest
blessed their love. Children strewed
flowers by the way-side and sang gay
songs. Each guest had made a modest
offering, but to no one would Alick con-
fide the nature of his gift, wishing, as
he did, to excite an agreeable surprise.

When they had returned to the cot-
tage Alick kissed his wife, telling her
he would leave her but for a short
season. He left the house, and, with
one last, lingering look at the doorway
where Amy stood waving a merry adieu,
he hurried off in the direction of the
old mines, and a curve in the road soon
hid him from view. As his little figure
disappeared Amy uttered a faint sigh,
suggestive of a dull foreboding evil or
the fullness of her mournful joy.

Days passed, and search had been
made everywhere. Weeks followed;
then months. But the bridegroom did
not return. Nor could his absence and
strange disappearance be accounted for.
No clue was gained by those who
searched untiringly. At length hope
was abandoned. The widowed bride
clung tenaciously to one idea, which
seemed almost like a folly, in life or
death, she would see her husband again
before she was called away from earth.
This belief afforded her comfort, and
the neighbors, while they did not share
the conviction, humored her in the
thought, and spoke regretfully of the
sad changes that sorrow had wrought
in her fresh young face.

Forty years were gone, and but for
the sad wistful face of old Amy, and
the whispered stories of the peasantry,
the unaccountable disappearance of
Alick would have been forgotten. But
the tale told in an under breath by

many a hearth was, that, Alick had
been carried off by an evil spirit, with
whom he had held compact. Many
even went so far as to say that his soul
haunted the old cottage, and had been
seen during stormy nights in the moun-
tains. Amy indeed asserted that she
often heard his voice calling her, and
the light that burned always from
nightfall until dawn in her casement
told that her heart ever kept vigil over
his fate.

The old cottage continued to be
thought haunted by ghostly visitors,
and because of this superstition none
would occupy it. It gradually fell into
decay. The women of the village rarely
passed the dead miner's house without
offering a prayer for the restless soul.

The old mines having been worked,
it was at length determined that new
excavations should be opened. Amid
the operations a subterranean murmur
was heard mingling with the sound of
the pick. Suddenly a wailing cry rent
the air, and the earth seemed to trem-
ble. Those above rushed in terror to
the mouth of the pit, and the most
fearless were about to descend, when
the call-bell was rung violently. Every
rope was at once put in use, while the
miners were white and trembling with
intense fear.

To every inquiry they accorded the
most disconnected replies, such as
"a man," "a demon," "a miracle!"
At length from one old man they gar-
nered that they had worked steadily to
open communications between the new
and the old mine, but finding only a
small obstruction at last a sturdy blow
was made, and the dividing wall had
given way; that when the cloud of dust
had passed from before their astonished
eyes they saw a young man; that he
was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed
to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked
fresh and fair, and that his lips were
still red. Instead of approaching him
they had fled in fright, filled with the
belief that it was an evil spirit in hu-
man guise that they beheld.

The owner of the mine listened atten-
tively. As the old man ceased he rushed
forward exclaiming: "To the mine?"
To the mine! Soon the truth was
known. Ere many minutes three min-
ers issued forth, bearing between them
the body of the young man. With a
feeling of irrepressible horror they laid
him down upon the green sward. His
clothes were old, and indicated a style
worn years and years ago; all were,
however, in a perfect state of preserva-
tion. He seemed dressed as though for
a fête. In his hand he held a box. It
contained a gold cross, chain and med-
allion. Time had blackened these little
pledges which the stranger had doubtless
intended for some village maiden.

They were about to raise the body
and bear it away for burial, when old
Amy was seen approaching.

They made way for her, and those
near at hand were struck by the singu-
lar expression of her face. Her eyes
sparkled with new life, and her steps
usually so feeble, seemed almost to have
gained the elasticity of youth. Waving
them aside with an imposing dignity,
she advanced directly toward the dead
man. Kneeling, she parted the dark
hair on his brow and murmured, in a
tone of inexpressible love and tender-
ness, his name—"Alick!"

At once all was clear. In an instant
the old people present recognized the
companion of their youth. Again she
spoke:

"Alick, friend of my childhood, my
husband, I knew that we would meet
again on earth."

As she ceased speaking, her head
drooped lower and lower, until it sank
upon his breast, as if in prayer.

At length the young men advanced
to remove the body. Gently the women
raised the figure of the forlorn woman.
Seeing that she made no resistance, they
bent over her, and found that she, too,
was dead. Her long, loving vigil was
at an end. The same grave holds them
both, and many a sweet flower is laid
upon it in remembrance of their fate,
while the legend of their love is often
recounted in the humble homes of the
poor.

FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT.—This
fruit is refreshing and wholesome, es-
pecially for a bilious temperament. Its
flavor is sub-acid, but its juicy pulp is
inclosed in a tough white membrane of
intensely bitter taste; when this mem-
brane is removed the fruit is delicious.
It has become the fashion to use it as
salad. The fruit is placed on the table
whole (one is enough for a party of four
or six), cut in quarters and served au-
natural. When not used as a salad, cut
the skin in sections and peel it off; sepa-
rate the sections as you would those of
an orange, and, holding each one by
the ends, break it open from the centre,
disclosing the pulp; tear this out of the
bitter white membrane which covers
the sections, carefully removing every
part of it; keep the pulp as unbroken
as possible and put it into a deep dish
with a plentiful sprinkling of fine white
sugar. Let it stand three or four hours,
or over night, and then use the fruit.

George's Love Test.

"How she must have loved him."

As Myrtle Redingote spoke these
words softly to George W. Simpson a
blush of maiden modesty flamed for an
instant across her pure young face and
disappeared silently behind the tiny pink
ears that stood like pigmy sentinels on a
battlement of rose tinted flesh, soft and
warm, and with beautiful curves whose
dimpled outlines would have made even
an anchorite resign. George had been
telling her that beautiful story of the
princess of olden times, who when her
lover was stricken down by a poisoned
arrow, knelt by his side, and with her
own ruby lips drew from the wound the
fatal element. When he had finished
the girl gave utterance to the words
with which this opens. And then, for
an instant, silence fell between them.

George was the first to speak. "If
I were wounded by a poisoned arrow,
darling, would you emulate the example
of the princess?"

The girl's form shook with a sudden
tremor, and her head fell upon his shirt
front.

"I could not do it," she sobbed
through her tears.

"Why not?" asked George.

"Do not press me for an answer," re-
plied the girl.

"But I must know," he said in low,
agonized tones.

"Then," she murmured, pressing him
still more closely to her, "you are from
Kentucky, and I do not care to catch
the delirium tremens."

The Rattlesnake Saved His Life.

Game there was none. We could
not break camp now with our weak
men upon our hands, and it only re-
mained for some one to attempt the
desperate journey across the San Juan
range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to
Animas, and return with food or a res-
cuing party. Failing of that, spring-
time would find our cabin inhabited by
corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, there-
fore, we well men to decide who should
undertake this perilous trip, and the
risk fell upon me. It was best, perhaps,
that it should have been so, for of all
the party I best knew the trail. With-
out waste of words or time, I prepared
myself for the journey, and, thoroughly
armed, early one morning, before the
pale moon had fallen behind the western
mountains, I bade good-by to my com-
rades and started. Turning my back
upon the camp, I settled my course by
a star, and at a brisk pace steered
southward. All day I continued on the
trail, ever with a watchful eye for In-
dian signs—for I believed our old ene-
mies still in the vicinity—but all day
unmolested, and at last, weary and
worn, as the chill shadows began to
creep across the great white plain be-
hind me, I saw looming up in front the
San Juan range, gashed with a narrow
gorge—the Devil's Pass. Once through
that horrible grave—for it was little
else—and the road to Animas would be
comparatively easy. My spirits rose
hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I
found myself just at the mouth of the
canyon which led up to the pass, and
deeming it a most sheltered place for a
camping spot, I soon gathered a heap
of dead limbs beneath an overhanging
rock where the snow had not yet come,
built a roaring fire, which warmed and
cheered me, and prepared for the night.
I felt little fear, for the narrow, frown-
ing canyon walls would hide the light
of my fire from all the plain country.
The only disturbance which I might
look for would be the howling of the
wolves, who threatened, but dared not
attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections,
therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank
a little melted snow water, lit my pipe
and rolling myself in my blanket,
crowded close to the rock wall behind
me, now well warmed by my fire. And,
so, in the flickering light, protected
upon all sides, I gave myself unhesi-
tatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It
was deep in the night when I woke with
a sudden chill. It was as if some one
had touched me with a cold and
clammy hand, but even before I was
well awake my frontiersman's caution
returned, and I opened my eyes slowly,
and didn't move.

The fire was all but out, and the ghastly
light from its dying embers touched the
snow and rocks and trees about with a
strange color like thick blood. The air
was growing chill and still, too, except
for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon
wall opposite, who whined and barked
incessantly.

There was something almost oppres-
sive about the silence to me, when sud-
denly, from just beyond my smouldering
fire the sound of a step started me, and
before I had time even to move there
was bending over me a hideous, painted
face—the face of a savage. And in his
hand, already creeping toward my heart,
was his heavy scapling-knife!

To describe my sensations is impossi-

ble. Some terrible spell seemed to bind
me. Not only was I facing a danger
which meant instant death, but I was
unable to move, even in the attempt to
save myself. It was as if I were fasci-
nated.

I tried to reason with myself. This
was but a single enemy—if I should
spring upon him I might kill him and
so be free; but although the reasoning
was all right, the action I was unable
to bring about, and all the time the
terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin
knew that I was awake, and that I saw
him, but he gloated over my helplessness
and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of
his eye, the tightening of his muscles,
and knew that in an instant more all
would be over, when a sudden harsh,
metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in
my very bosom. I felt something glide
from my side—a long, scaly, snakey body
shot out to meet the dusky on-coming
arm. There was a blow, then a cry of
horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to
the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly
away, and the Uncompahgre, with his
now nerveless hand outstretched and
the blood dripping slowly from his
parted fingers, with a long, wild death
shriek turned and disappeared in the
darkness. The rattler which my fire
had drawn from his winter quarters had
saved my life and the lives of my com-
panions.

A week later, with a party of thirty
good fellows I recrossed the San Juan
range and rescued my party from star-
vation and the Indians; and it is be-
cause of what that snake did for me in
Devil's Pass nigh on twenty years ago,
that I let the critters live to-day.—*To-
ledo Bee.*

Early Marriage.

Early marriages are nowhere so com-
mon as in the prosperous manufacturing
districts of Lancashire. Boys and girls
not out of their teens, but earning big
wages and having their feeling of inde-
pendence prematurely developed by the
absence of home life, get united in holy
wedlock at a time of life when, in the
higher ranks of society, they have not
left school nor begun to think of the
calling. Saturday is a favorite day for
getting married because it is a short one
and the ceremony can be got through
with a minimum of loss—a thing certain
to be considered by a thrifty operative.
The town is paraded for a few hours in
cheap towdry finery of glaring colors,
which can never serve any useful pur-
pose again; perhaps one of the watering-
places is visited if it be fine, and on
Monday morning by the stroke of 6 the
newly-married couple may be found at
their looms, in defiance of all poetry
and romance and the wear and tear of
life begin with them once more in real
earnest. Marriage makes no alteration
in the position of the wife so far as mill-
work is concerned; she puts in her ten
hours a day now as she did before. In-
deed she has incomparably the worst of
the bargain, for when the day's work is
over it is her privilege to light the fire
at home, get the supper ready and do
the necessary household work, while it
is the prerogative of the husband to use
his leisure according to his own sweet
will. When the time comes for the
baby to be born the mother expectant
withdraws from the mill for a few
weeks, and when she is well enough to
resume her place at the loom the baby
is placed in the care of some old crone,
who is past work herself and makes
sufficient to live on by taking care of
five or six of these luckless babies for
the consideration of a shilling or two a
week, according to the age.

The Real Profit Overlooked.

A Baltimore man who bought him a
farm two or three years ago was re-
cently approached by a friend who had
some money to invest, and who asked:

"Can I buy a pretty fair farm for
\$15,000?"

"Yes, about that figure."

"And I'll want to lay out about \$10,-
000 in improvements, I presume?"

"Yes, fully that."

"And I can invest another \$10,000 in
blooded stock?"

"I think you can."

"And \$5000 more in grading, filling
up, creating fish ponds, and so forth?"

"Well, you may get through with
that sum."

"That's \$40,000; and now let's figure
the income."

"Oh, you don't need pencil or
paper," said the victim, as a shade
of sorrow darkened his face. "The
income will be about \$3 for turnips,
\$2 for potatoes, \$5 or \$6 for corn,
and a bull calf or two at \$3 a head. To
save time, call it \$25. I'll see you
again in a day or two. Maybe I've for-
gotten something which will add a dol-
lar more. Good morning to you."

"Do not put articles which have held
milk into hot water," says a domestic
receipt. Is this an admonition not to
drop the baby into the wash boiler?

Tenure of Land in Syria.

During my residence in Damascus I
tried one or two villages in the neigh-
borhood as a summer retreat, and at
length fixed upon a village called Mar-
aba, as being at a convenient distance
from the city to ride there in the morn-
ing and return at night. Finding,
however, that the native houses were
scarcely habitable I determined to have
a small house built close to, yet not
overlooking, the village. To carry out
my plan I had first of all to apply to the
Vali for permission to do so. His High-
ness, with an outburst of Oriental lib-
erality, declared his readiness to give me
not only a piece of ground but a garden
as well. This I declined with thanks,
knowing the value of such an offer, but
showed him on paper the spot I had
chosen, consisting of a barren rock, and
asked him to send a competent person
to the place to examine the site and
value it and at the same time see from
the plan that none of my windows
would overlook my neighbors. In the
course of a few days I received a no-
tice that a commission of six officials
would meet me on the spot and settle
the matter at once. I provided a lun-
cheon *à la fresco*, to which the sheikh
of the village was invited to negotiate on
the part of the villagers. After a long
preamble, setting forth the value of
land in general and of this spot in par-
ticular, he offered at length to sell the
site for 5000 piastres (a piastre is equal
to 2.1). "Fifty piastres," wrote down
the scribe. "By the life of your father
it is too little; say 3000." "Seventy-
five," said the scribe. "Say 1000—by
Allah it is worth 5000—but Allah is
great." One hundred piastres was the
sum agreed upon, and I had permission
to begin building at once. When the
house was half finished an order came
stop, on the ground that it was built
over the tomb of a Moslem saint, and
that the departed spirit might not relish
the vicinity of Christians and avenge
himself by doing us some bodily harm,
for which the Vali would not be respon-
sible. After a great deal of trouble and
investigation his Highness was con-
vinced that the existence of such a tomb
was a myth. The next charge brought
against me was that while I pretended
to build a house I was in reality build-
ing a convent in the midst of a Moham-
medan population. I had a hard strug-
gle to convince him that Protestants
had no such institutions.

Now all these charges had been
trumped up by the officials in the hope
of receiving the usual bribe, which I
was determined not to give, having
made up my mind to carry the business
through honestly and legally. One
more effort was made to annoy me, or
rather to force me to give the customary
"backsheesh," viz.: That the house
was built over a road leading from the
village to the stream, to the great in-
convenience of the villagers. The Con-
sul had at length to interfere; the Gov-
ernment Engineer was sent to investi-
gate the matter and report upon it;
which was to the effect that there was
no vestige of road or foot-path in the
vicinity of the house. After this I was
left in peaceful possession so far that no
one could turn me out of the house,
but, not having the title-deeds, I could
scarcely expect to find a purchaser in
case I wished to sell it. My next effort
was to secure the necessary papers.

Month after month I applied in vain for
them. The Governor pretended to be
shocked to hear that his orders had not
been carried out. He sent for the scribe
and threatened him with his fiercest
displeasure if such an act of negligence
should ever again be reported against
him. The scribe pleaded a sprained
wrist as an excuse for the delay, but by
the life of the Prophet he would write
the document at once. I took a hasty
leave of the Vali and rushed off after
the scribe, determined not to lose sight
of him again. He had, however, disap-
peared, as if the earth had swallowed
him up. These scenes were repeated
over and over again, till at the end of
twelve months, having to leave Damas-
cus, I had to sell the house at a great
loss, not having the title-deeds. The
purchaser, the American Vice Consul,
trusting to his official position, hoped to
be able to succeed where I had failed.
I have no doubt but that by following
the usual Oriental custom of back-
sheesh, and dividing £10 or £20 among
the officials, every obstacle would have
been removed to my obtaining the
title-deeds of a property for which I
paid the sum of 16s. 8d.—*Rev. W.
Wright in Contemporary Review.*

Home Economies.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Three pints of
milk, eight Boston crackers split and
buttered, six eggs beaten light, two
cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt,
quarter of a nutmeg grated, half a tea-
spoonful of cinnamon, one pound of
stoned raisins, quarter of a pound of
currants. Boil the milk, and then add
sugar, eggs and flavoring. Butter a
deep pudding dish, put in a layer of
crackers and moisten with a little of
the custard. Then add a layer of fruit,
and do this till all is in the dish.

Pour over the rest of the custard and
bake in a slow oven. Brown at the
last, and eat hot with or without sauce.

TRIPE CURRY.—Boil two pounds of
tripe and cut it into strips; peel two
large onions and cut them into square
pieces, and put the onions into a stew
pan with three tablespoonful of butter.
Let it stew till brown, stirring well and
mixing a tablespoonful of curry pow-
der. Now add one pint of milk and
the cut-up tripe. Let all stew for an
hour, skimming it well. Serve in a
dish with boiled rice also to eat
with it. An East India curry powder
is made thus: Pound very fine in a
mortar six ounces of coriander seed,
three-fourths of an ounce of cayenne,
one and one-half ounces of foenugreek
seed, one ounce cummin seed and three
ounces of tumeric. These articles can
be brought at a druggist's. Pound fine;
sift through fine muslin; spread on a
dish and dry before the fire for three
hours, stirring frequently. Keep this
in a bottle with a glass stopper.

OUR RECIPE FOR MAKING SAUER-
KRAUT.—The best we ever ate we
made ourselves for many years, and for
a considerable time with our own hands,
and always from Savoy cabbage. It
was manufactured in this wise; In the
first place let your "stand," holding
from a half barrel to a barrel, be thor-
oughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub
and the stamper also well scalded. Take
off all the outer leaves of the cabbage,
halve them, remove the heart and pro-
ceed with the cutting. Lay some clean
leaves at the bottom of the stand,
sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in
half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp
gently until the juice just makes its ap-
pearance, then add another handful of
salt, and so on until the stand is full.
Cover over with cabbage leaves, place
on top a clean board fitting the space
pretty well, and on top of that a stone
weighing twelve or fifteen pounds.
Stand away in a cool place, and when
hard freezing comes on remove to the
cellar. It will be ready for use in from
four to six weeks. The cabbage should
be cut tolerably coarse. The Savoy
variety makes the best article, but it is
only half as productive as the drum-
head and flat Dutch.

One Sort of Michigander.

A certain Michigander, who had long
succeeded in dodging a certain creditor
was a few weeks ago cornered in the
office of a mutual friend, and the credi-
tor began:

"Sir, you have owed me \$25 for a
year past and now I want to know what
you are going to do about it?"

"Well, I'll think it over."

"There will be no thinking it over,
my friend. If you don't pay me I'll
sue you."

"You will?"

"I will, sir."

"Then you'll be certain to get a judg-
ment. The party which brings the suit
always get verdict before a Justice.

Knowing this, you will take advantage
of me?"

"I will."

"Very well. Now, then, I deny that
I owe you a dollar."

"You do?"

"I do, sir; but in case you want to
borrow \$25 of me for a week here it
is."

"I don't care whether you call it pay-
ing or lending so long as I get my
money," replied the creditor, and he
made out a receipt in full and took the
money.

At the end of the week he was asked
to return the loan, but laughed at the
absurdity of the request. Suit was
begun to recover it, the mutual friend
used as a witness, and the plaintiff re-
ceived judgment in his favor and had a
clean receipt to show for the debt.

Marriage.

Marriage is, of all earthly unions,
almost the only one permitting of no
change but that of death. It is that
engagement in which man exerts his
most awful and solemn power—the
power of responsibility which belongs to
him as one that shall give account—the
power of abnegating the right to change,
the power of parting with his freedom,
the power of doing that which in this
world can never be reversed. And yet
it is perhaps that relationship which is
spoken of most frivolously and entered
into most carelessly and wantonly. It
is not a union merely between two
creatures, it is a union between two
spirits, and the intention of that bond is
to perfect the nature of both, by sup-
plementing their character with the force
of contrast, giving to each sex those ex-
cellencies in which it is naturally de-
ficient; to the one strength of character
and firmness of moral will, to the other,
sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And
just so solemn, and just so glorious as
these ends are for which the union was
contemplated and intended, just so ter-
rible are the consequences if it be per-
verted and abused; for there is no
earthly relationship which has so much
power to ennoble and to exalt.—*Dr.
Robertson.*

